DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1931

68663
23

TOPICS OF THE DAY

What the "Hoover Holiday" Means to the World

THAT THE WORLD LOOKS BETTER these days since President Hoover called for a year's holiday on debts and reparations payments is a well-nigh unanimous editorial reflection.

A silver lining has now been furnished to the dark clouds that have been hanging over Europe for so many months, is the way the Dallas *News* thinks of it. With characteristic avoidance of overstatement, Ex-President Coolidge has admitted in one of his daily syndicated paragraphs that "the immediate effect of the proposal of the President for the relief of Germany appears to be good."

One highly important aspect of the world situation to-day which the New York *Times* insists that no one can overlook is the spirit of returning confidence which the Hoover proclamation has created in financial circles. Many and many a newspaper editorial has testified to a change throughout the world from despondency to hope. The first wave of optimism, it will be remembered, carried up prices with a rush on practically all the stock and commodity markets of the world. This world-wide advance in prices, as one writer noted, added billions of dollars to open-market values, with stocks, bonds, grain, cotton, sugar, silver, and lead in heavy demand.

Light

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

PERHAPS the biggest boom of all was on the Berlin Boerse, but our stock market was not far behind. It was noted in Washington in business circles, according to one correspondent, that, "while the United States may be faced with the deferment of $246,000,000 in interest and principal, due during the next year," because of the moratorium, "it also faces the prospect of having values in commodities and stocks rise to many times that figure, with a movement upward in its foreign trade." "Just so long as the feeling prevails that better times will result here and abroad, from the rescue of European nations from their present sorry plight, optimism will prevail," concludes the Washington *Evening Star*, "and optimism means a rising market."

The President's plan, as a press writer puts it, "removes the straw that promised to break the business camel's back." And in London an enthusiastic writer in *The Financial Times* bursts out with—

"President Hoover's olive branch has lifted the whole stock exchange to the peak of Mount Ararat. Markets are, however, at last on firm ground. The flood of liquidation has finally subsided, and the rainbow of hope is circling the globe."

Seldom has any statement of governmental policy received such universal acclaim as did the President's call for a year's holiday on debt and reparations payments. Senators and Representatives literally by the score, irrespective of party, bankers and business leaders, individually and by groups, came out with emphatic statements of approval. Such criticism as has been heard is concerned with the President's methods or with the thought that he might not be going far enough.

INTEREST naturally attaches to the views of Messrs. Dawes and Young, whose names are associated with the reparations plans. Ambassador Dawes says he deems the President's statement "wise and helpful in every way." Owen D. Young calls the proposal "not only the action of a wise creditor but the helpful word of a great democracy." He gives it his hearty approval and adds: "Coming at a time when we are all beginning to doubt whether a democracy could act promptly, wisely, and helpfully, it is most encouraging."

President Wilson's Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker—like Mr. Young prominently mentioned for the 1932 Democratic Presidential nomination—says: "If we are to get anywhere in the settlement of the war debts, we must give President Hoover intelligent cooperation and support." On the Republican side, Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, says in *The Idaho Statesman* that "if a moratorium is granted it will give time to see the situation as it is and time to adjust matters," and "if within that time armaments are drastically reduced and reparations readjusted, recovery might well follow." Acceptance of the President's proposal, says Chairman Smoot of the Senate Finance Committee, "should go a long way toward lessening the burdens of depression and restoring prosperity at home and abroad."

Such a representative of industry as Myron C. Taylor of the United States Steel Corporation speaks of the Hoover proposal as "a first-rate constructive move." And Mr. Thomas W. Lamont of the Morgan firm, who himself played no small rôle in framing the Young plan, may be taken as spokesman of the banking fraternity when he too calls the Hoover move "constructive" and "certain to command the instant support of all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those who desire to see stabler conditions established in the world at large, with resulting benefits to our own people."

Similar commendation from editorial columns might be quoted by the yard. One editor praises Mr. Hoover's statesmanship, another his courage, another his promptness. Here is an enthusiastic paragraph from the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.):

"In the first place, he has acted with great courage, decision, and speed. In the second place, he has lined up behind him the pledged word of a large section of Senate and House. In other

"Hey, Nurse, Bring Me My Clothes!"
—Knott in the Dallas "News."

words, he has shown both the moral and the practical ability of a leader. Leadership is what the world needs more than anything else. In making America accept this great opportunity, the President has done the most constructive act of world statesmanship that has been seen since the World War."

"THE old Hoover of prewar days rising superior to the politician" is envisaged by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.). If Congress backs up the President, observes the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.)—

"Then we may have a rejuvenated Executive, a return of the wartime Hoover whom the country so much admired, a Hoover free of the baneful influence of the Coolidge myth, which should rightfully bear the chief responsibility for our present depression.

"And when the President does become himself, Coolidge's reply to the suggestion of Allied-debt reduction, 'They hired the money, didn't they?' will go down with Wilson's 'too proud to fight' as the outstanding banalities of American political history."

President Hoover has it in mind, so Clinton W. Gilbert of the New York *Evening Post* tells us, "to play a rôle in Europe similar to that which President Wilson played there, and which made Europe turn to Mr. Wilson at the close of the war as the hope of the world."

After ten years of insistence on a policy of non-intervention or isolation, "America is back in the world again," declares the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.). That we have definitely resumed a position of world leadership is the firm belief of a group of papers, including the Newark *News* (Ind.), Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.), Boston *Herald* (Rep.), Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.), and Macon *Telegraph* (Dem.).

A number of journals, including the Savannah *News* (Dem.), feel that we have embarked upon a course leading straight to drastic reduction or cancelation of the Allied debts. On the other hand, the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.) calls attention to Mr. Hoover's declaration against cancelation; the New York *Sun* (Ind.) would have no one suppose "that this is a gesture which means any radical change in the American policy regarding war debts." And the Denver *Post* (Ind.) says flatly: "war-debt cancelation is impossible."

"Credit for a splendid first step" is given Mr. Hoover by the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.), which adds, that his plan "will not of course reach the causes which are forcing Europe toward bankruptcy, revolution in war; until competitive armaments, territorial maladjustments, and prohibitive tariffs are removed, lesser measures can only postpone the explosion." In this paper's opinion Mr. Hoover finally acted because he had to—

"He acted because he was reliably informed that Germany was on the edge of revolution, which would cause world financial chaos and strike the huge American investments in Germany. He acted because such chaos might lead to war."

"THE important thing is that he acted before it is too late," declares the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.). After these dozen tangled post-war years, the nations on the Continent finally "appeared to be on the point of exploding." "Somebody had to start," continues the Baltimore paper, and "why not us?" Nor does *The Sun* believe that we will not profit directly:

"In the first place, it is agreed that a large part of our own trouble is in the falling off of our export trade. We are geared in plant equipment and in farms to produce far more than we can consume. Unless we can sell abroad, our surplus is thrown back on us, prices are demoralized, business is stunned, and fearful unemployment spreads.

"Had we sat back and refused to take the lead in applying the one remedy instantly at hand in the international trouble—that is, the suspension of debts and reparations—Germany and several other nations on the Continent would probably have gone bankrupt, and also have been plunged into paralyzing political disorder. In that case, the blows already suffered in our export trade probably would have been minor to what would have been suffered.

"And if the suspension of debts and reparations is carried out in good faith, there is more than a prospect that economic conditions in Germany and other European nations will be stabilized, that political disorder will be arrested, that business will begin to feel more security and to take hope, and that buying will begin again. There is direct economic relief in the plan that has been proposed, and even greater moral and psychological relief, for it tells the business people of the world that the governments are not absolutely helpless before the existing evils, that intelligence is beginning to work in each of them, and also a capacity for cooperation in facing the evils."

"IT is hardly too much to say that Mr. Hoover's move has saved the German Republic," observes the Richmond *News Leader* (Dem.). The President did exactly the right thing, explains the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.). A new world conference on debts would probably have been useless, and if Germany had been forced to apply for a moratorium it "might have been a death-blow to the country's credit, and even to its political stability." During the month of June, continues the New York paper, "a profoundly disturbing change was taking place in the situation in Germany":

"The sustaining force in Germany's finances for some months had been the mass of short-term credits supplied by other countries. Confidence abroad in Germany's financial stability was severely weakened when news became known of the difficulties of the Austrian Creditanstalt; and with the weakening of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidence came the gradual withdrawal of private foreign credits. The situation was psychologically precisely the same as that which exists in the case of a 'run' on a bank."

THEN "the German Reichsbank threw itself heroically into the task of saving the mark." Some $175,000,000 in gold and perhaps $100,000,000 more in foreign exchange holdings "were swallowed up, and the mark still failed to rally." The rediscount rate was advanced from 5 to 7 per cent. Finally "the Reichsbank had no more gold or foreign exchange to sell unless it was prepared to resort to inflation." That is the financial story as the New York paper tells it.

William Philip Simms explains the political situation in Germany for the Scripps-Howard papers, of which he is foreign editor:

"This year Germany is supposed to pay approximately $400,000,000 on reparations. The drop in commodity prices, however, serves to increase that amount to an even half billion, and to raise it she is resorting to decrees which, owing to the plight of the masses, endanger the very life of the republic.

"She has decreed new taxes on wages, cuts in the salaries of government employees and officials, increases in commodity taxes which still further boost the already high cost of living to an impoverished people, and decreases in unemployment benefits and pensions to disabled veterans.

"These decrees have served gravely to increase the tension. There are some 5,000,000 unemployed in the Reich, or almost as many as there are in the United States, a country of almost twice the population. Even those lucky enough to have work are miserably paid. Fifty per cent. of the professional classes—doctors, lawyers, journalists, college professors, civil engineers, and so on—consider $50 a month good pay.

"Unrest, therefore, is on the increase. Fascists and Reds are gathering strength, and every new move tending to increase the burden of the masses is met by threatening outbursts.

"Overthrow of the Government would likely result in civil war as Fascists and Communists fought for control. And whichever won the result, so far as reparations are concerned, would be the same. Not only would reparations be repudiated, but the Treaty of Versailles as well.

"This might easily upset the whole European apple-cart. France stands by the Versailles Treaty, and probably would move to enforce it. If the Reds gained control, Russia assuredly would lend its Teutonic comrades its support, menacing Poland, France's ally, in between."

Copyright, 1931, by *The Chicago Tribune*

Now if He Just Doesn't Try to Bring His Trunk and Suitcase Along

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

—Berryman in the Washington "Evening Star."

Such was the situation which President Hoover and his advisers have been studying in recent weeks, and which led to his now historic statement of June 20, the significant paragraphs of which follow:

"The American Government proposes the postponement during one year of all payments on intergovernmental debts, reparations and relief debts, both principal and interest, of course, not including obligations of governments held by private parties.

"The purpose of this action is to give the forthcoming year to the economic recovery of the world, and to help free the recuperative forces already in motion in the United States from retarding influences from abroad.

"The essence of this proposition is to give time to permit debtor governments to recover their national prosperity. I am suggesting to the American people that they be wise creditors in their own interest, and be good neighbors.

"I do not approve in any remote sense of the cancelation of the debts to us.

"But as the basis of the settlement of these debts was the capacity under normal conditions of the debtor to pay, we should be consistent with our own policies and principles if we take into account the abnormal situation now existing in the world.

"I wish further to add that while this action has no bearing on the conference for limitation of land armaments to be held next February, inasmuch as the burden of competitive armaments has contributed to bring about this depression, we trust that by this evidence of our desire to assist we shall have contributed to the good-will which is so necessary in the solution of this major question."

THE President gave the names of a list of leaders of both Houses of Congress in both parties, explaining that their approval had been secured in advance. Within a few hours the chief nations concerned were announcing their acceptance of the Hoover suggestion. France had certain counter-suggestions to make, due to the fact that besides the United States she is the only nation which would make any notable sacrifice. A Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* points out that under the one-year moratorium plan, Germany would be relieved of payments of about $406,440,660, and the other nations involved would make net sacrifices about as follows:

United States, $246,000,000; France, $96,750,000; Great Britain, $20,000,000; Italy, $9,000,000.

The point is that what France pays to the United States and Great Britain is less than what she receives from Germany by about the sum mentioned. And according to the Young plan this is a "non-postponable" item, and in giving it up France would necessarily have to make important budgetary changes.

The reaction of the European press is reported on page 13.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plans for an American "Plan"

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO to get out of this depression?

And once out, what shall we do to stay out?

What to do to avert these recurrent periods of "hard times," when business stagnates, millions are thrown out of jobs, and a large part of the population is plunged into misery?

Take a Leaf from Russia's Book

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

To these questions the answers are pouring in faster than they can be recorded. They come from all over the country. In the national chorus, which can hardly be said to be harmonious, there is this refrain: "We must have a plan." Everybody, it seems, has his own idea of how to get the country out of the depression, and keep it out. There are five-year and ten-year plans galore. Even President Hoover submitted a plan, a twenty-year one, in his Indianapolis speech, as noted in our last issue.

Russia, it seems, started it all with its Five-Year Plan. "American 'plans,' after the Russian model," as the Baltimore *Evening Sun* points out, "have been sprouting so rapidly lately that it is impossible to keep up with them all."

Glancing at some of the more conspicuous of the many proposals, we find the papers owned by William Randolph Hearst thundering away in behalf of the cure he advocates—a five-billion-dollar bond issue for the employment of labor in public works.

Another leader who causes a stir by declaring that we ought to have a plan is Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. Speaking in Paris, he made the head-lines boom back home by asserting that "the characteristic feature of the experiment in Russia, to my mind, is not that it is Communistic, but that it is being carried on according to a plan in the face of a planless opposition." Then:

"A man with a plan, however much we may dislike it, has a vast advantage over a group sauntering down the road, complaining of the economic weather, and wondering when the rain is going to stop."

TURNING to some of the more outstanding of the concrete proposals that are being advanced, we find Stuart Chase, noted economist, telling the readers of *Harper's Magazine* that if the War Industries Board brought order out of chaos, we should benefit by that example and organize a Peace Industries Board to draft a ten-year plan. Our target, he suggests, should be a minimum family wage of $5,000 by 1943.

Along somewhat similar lines is the five-year-plan advocated by Charles A. Beard, economist and former professor of politics in Columbia University, who proposes a National Economic Council to be instituted under the authorization of Congress. A summary of his plan appears later in this article.

Now we come to what the New York *Times* calls "the first definite move for setting up a ten-year plan for American industry, with the object of stabilizing production, eliminating unemployment, and integrating the industrial and economic structure of the nation."

This is the step taken by the National Civic Federation in letters to 600 leaders of American industry, urging a call for a national congress to formulate a program. Cooperating in this action are James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, and Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. Both are officials of the National Civic Federation, of which Elihu Root is honorary president. In his letter to Mr. Gerard, suggesting that "a warm-blooded ten-year plan" be adopted to meet the "cold-blooded Communist Five-Year Plan," Mr. Woll said, as quoted in the press:

"Economic readjustment is as necessary as the air we breathe if our nation is to perform the first essentials of nationhood.

"The great depression now upon us, after two years has forced us to the conclusion that the time for action has arrived, so that the hopes of men may be translated into deeds of a character that will maintain for America that magnificent leadership in the whole field of human well-being that was asserted first in 1776 and that has never been lost.

"It is important that we strive to create working machinery to promote social safety and economic stability.

"I see no sufficient gain to be derived out of anything less than a tremendous effort.

"I see no sufficient good to be gained through creeping with undue caution. The trials of our time do not permit long waiting.

"We need, for example, to meet the cold-blooded Communist Five-Year Plan with a warm-blooded ten-year plan of democratic idealism, woven into the very pattern of our national fabric.

"We need to move with giant strides to put 6,000,000 Americans to work, to start our machinery to take out of our national economy the awful loss and pain of too much or too little.

"We need to take steps that will take as much account of the

The Efficiency Boys at Work

—Kirby in the New York "World-Telegram."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shameful fact that our average industrial wage is but a pittance of $1,308 a year as we talk of our $1,000,000 reserves and brilliantly executed sky-scrapers."

In radio talks, both Mr. Woll and Mr. Gerard emphasized the need of formulating an industrial program, the latter declaring that the country is passing through one of the great crises in the world's history, and that the time had come for the leaders of industry and thought to act.

"The initial task, as envisaged by Mr. Woll," says the New York *Times*, "may involve the following":

"To determine the annual national human requirements in commodities and service for ten years.

"To determine the immediate visible supply of required commodities.

"To apportion among the industrial divisions their respective tasks of production and handling.

"To determine the available labor hours in human terms, on the initial basis of the six-hour day and the five-day week.

"To determine and apportion the required labor hours for the production and handling of commodities, to the point of consumption.

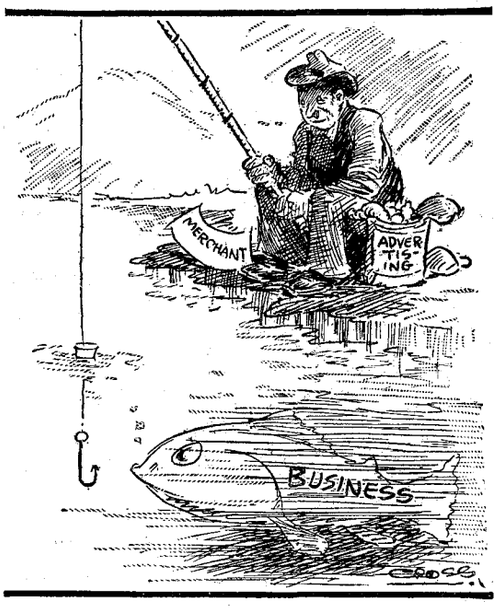
"To determine the character and extent of industrial equipment required, and to apportion the task of its design, equipment, and installation.

"To provide for the immediate and continuing distribution of the necessities of life among the entire population, using all resources of employment, manufacture, credit, and distribution requisite to that end.

"To visualize and to realize the distribution of credit required to make available the release of all the labor and other forces requisite to the carrying out of the balanced program.

"To provide equipment, personnel, and supplies for education, recreation, and research.

"To outline legal enactments necessary and convenient to remove obstacles, and to facilitate the operation of such a program."



Bait Your Hook

—Cross in the Knoxville "Journal."

As for the plan proposed by Mr. Beard, which also is the subject of a good deal of editorial comment, the Buffalo *Courier-Express* gives us this summary of it:

"Create a national economic council under Congressional authorization to coordinate the basic industries.

"Repeal the antitrust acts and declare all industries affiliated with the council national public service enterprises subject to principles of prudent investment and fair returns.

"Create a board of strategy and planning to survey productive facilities and consumption capacity, and according to the data so collected allocate production with a view to obtaining not only the maximum of output for the producers but also higher living standards through the raising of wages and the lowering of prices.

"Equip the Bureau of Standards so as to make it an efficient industrial research agency.

"Give to each industry affiliated with the national council the form of a syndicate of associated corporations, with large directorial and service powers; create a separate agricultural syndicate to survey and mark out lands for cultivation or reforestation, to plan roads and power lines, and to initiate large-scale farming where the small-unit farm has not been profitable.

"Create a marketing syndicate to eliminate waste in distribution by unifying storage and refrigeration plants; create an exporting and importing syndicate to control our foreign trade in goods and also the marketing here of foreign securities.

"Encourage American diplomacy to follow the Kellogg pact, and aim at adherence to the World Court, full cooperation in the economic conferences of the League of Nations, and cancelation of European war debts on condition that armament be reduced to a police basis."

Most editors seem to feel that the country ought to have a "plan," whether it is the Gerard-Woll proposal or another.

Advertising for Prosperity

"THE ADVERTISING MEN OF THE NATION represent one of the irresistible forces for prosperity.

"When this irresistible force collides with a sluggish market, something has to give."

Thus the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, in an editorial summary of the convention of the Advertising Federation of America. "Courage and optimism fairly bubbled from the convention of advertising men in New York City," we are told, and:

"There was a figurative rustling of sleeves being rolled up. Roger Babson, who goes calmly through his prophetic way in good times or in bad, 'staked his reputation' that business has seen its worst, that altho change will be slow, it will be in the right direction.

"Seven grounds for hope that the upturn is under way were cited by Dr. Lewis H. Haney, director of the Bureau of Research of New York University. George B. Cortelyou and Governor Ritchie of Maryland had their bits of cheer to contribute.

"It may be said that advertising men are optimists by nature, but if so it is only because they know that optimism pays. And theirs is a kind of optimism that has direct meaning to everybody with wants to be supplied.

"It can not be said that an optimism that expresses itself in increased appropriations, in careful planning for future sales, in expansion of markets, is merely cheerio talk. Advertising is based upon the sound logic that a receptive market always awaits dependable goods.

"More than one speaker exprest belief that the courageous advertiser will reap the greatest rewards as business now stands. Basis for this was found in past depressions, when the most liberal advertisers suffered least loss of business and enjoyed the greatest prosperity with the return of normal times.

"'Tell your merchants that now is the time to advertise,' said Mr. Babson, 'and give your customers an opportunity to profit from present low prices. Some day those merchants who take your advice will be so pleased that they will have the ads of 1931 cut out and framed.'"

"There has never been a time in the history of the country when liberal, intelligent advertising has been more important than the present," agrees the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Of course, "to sell, there must be people to buy," as the New York *World-Telegram* reminds us, and it was with this same thought that the Advertising Federation adopted this resolution:

"The Federation subscribes to the principle that business can not realize its full development except through the widest possible distribution among the creators of wealth of an equable share of the profits of production and of the time economies made possible by the development of machinery."

"WE are educated how to live more fully by advertising," says the New Haven *Journal-Courier*—

"Just now, there is buying caution. People are saving their money, in some cases because they aren't working and earning more, in others because of the fear of losing their jobs.

"It would seem, regarding the matter from an unbiased viewpoint, that, since the average citizen reaps the greatest benefits, he should buy from the concerns which advertise. He should understand that it is one way he can help prosperity to return.

"And wise executives, realizing that advertising does pay in more ways than one, should insist on volume advertising. It means business for them. It means more work for employees. It means they are contributing something to aid return of prosperity."

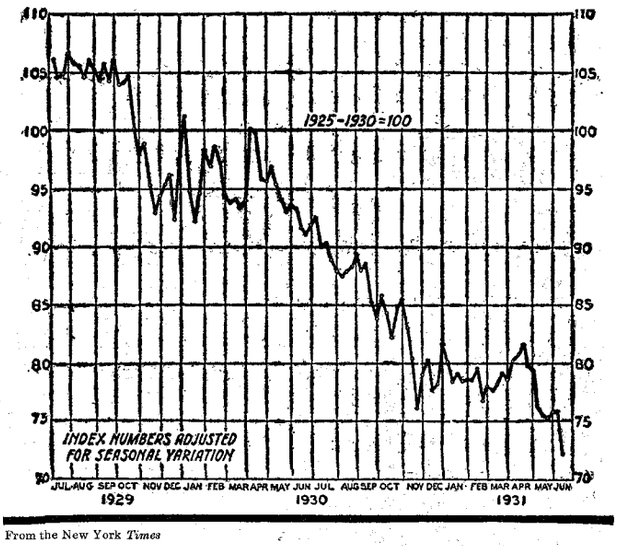
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Railroads' Cry for Higher Rates

CERTAINLY THE RAILROADS woke the echoes from coast to coast when they asked for that 15 per cent. freight-rate increase.

They touched the "pocket nerve" and made it jump.

"For these are the days," as the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* remarks, "when anything affecting a man's pocketbook causes


1925-1930=100
INDEX NUMBERS ADJUSTED FOR SEASONAL VARIATION
JUL AUG SEP OCT NOV DEC JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN JUL AUG SEP OCT NOV DEC JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUN
1929
1930
1931

From the New York *Times*

The Three-Year Slump in Freight-Car Loadings

the individual to jump to immediate alertness and, it appears, to a defensive position."

So here are the forces of railroad labor and security owners supporting the rate demand, and here are shippers' organizations and farm organizations crying out against it. Adding to the confusion the various State regulatory bodies, according to Washington correspondents, are laying plans that are expected to culminate in concerted opposition to the application made by the carriers.

The railroads' petition, signed by three representative railroad presidents, one from the West, one from the North, and one from the South, as a Wall Street writer for the Consolidated Press notes, "places the Interstate Commerce Commission in the position of having to grant either a 15 per cent. increase, or that portion of 15 per cent. which it believes sufficient, and thereby removing the danger of a financial crisis among the carriers, or rejecting the plea of the railroads and precipitating not only a credit crisis but the beginning of a movement for lower railroad wages."

SHOULD the Commission deny the request, there will be two deaths from the denial, observes the Chicago *Evening Post;* "one will be the hope of increased revenues and the other Mr. Hoover's insistence upon an unchanged wage rate in industry as a whole."

That it will be some time before we know what the answer will be is evident from the Commission's formal order that more specific information be provided by the carriers. This, the correspondents think, may take several weeks.

It had been understood for some time that the railroad executives had decided on a rate rise as the best way out of their difficulties. They stated their case on June 17 in a long brief to the Interstate Commerce Commission in which they said they would not actually increase the rates the full 15 per cent. where such increases might cut down traffic. The executives point out that when the depression hit them they had the alternatives of retrenching, or expanding in order to help keep up the national purchasing power; and they chose the latter course. They observe that "the policy of the Federal Government, concurred in by the managements of most leading industries, is that the revival of industry and commerce should be predicated, for the time being at least, on the maintenance of existing wage scales." They point out, too, that even with business deprest they actually spent nearly $600,000,000 on their properties, but say that they can not keep this up. The return of the value of Class I carriers for 1930 was 3.54 per cent., as compared with the 5¾ per cent. allowed in the Transportation Act. And for the first four months of this year earnings were at the rate of 2.24 per cent. The railroads think that a 15 per cent. rate increase will add about $400,000,000 to their annual revenues. The petition admits the effects of bus and truck competition, but it is suggested that this particular matter be left for future adjustment.

One paragraph of the railroad statement which a number of editors consider most significant reads as follows:

"The theory of the law is that railway property is private property affected with a public use; that in being devoted to such use it foregoes exceptional opportunity for the assurance of fair return. If the sacrifice already made under conditions of prosperity is to be greatly enlarged because of conditions of adversity, the result is that railway property has become public property affected with a private obligation to maintain it. It can not be expected that investors in railway securities will assume and perform such an obligation."

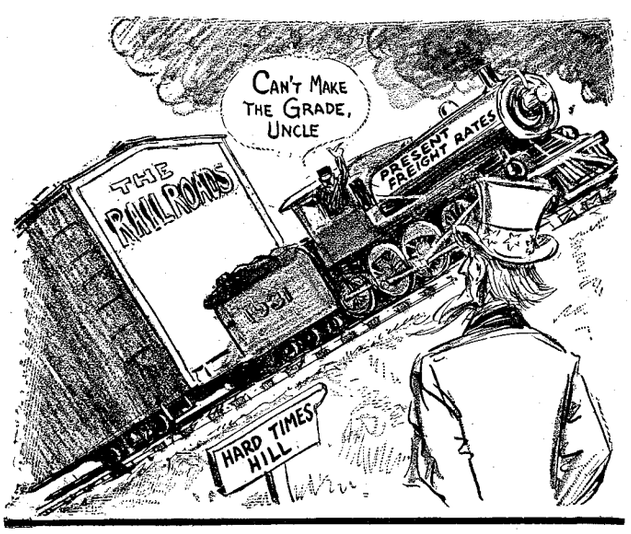
A RAILROAD president quoted in *The American Bankers Association Journal* attributes the diminishing revenues of the roads chiefly to a gradual persistent whittling away of revenues through various rate-cuts. He says:

"The last general increase in railroad freight rates was granted in 1921. It amounted to 25 per cent.

"Almost before the ink was dry on the order the whittling process began.

"In 1922 the Commission lowered many individual rates. They thus reduced railroad revenues that year by $185,000,000. Class I railroads would have received $185,000,000 more that year for hauling freight had the rates been left undisturbed.

"Next year, in 1923, the whittling process continued.



Needs More Power

—Pease in the Newark "News."

"More rates were lowered by Government order. In 1924, in 1925, and thereafter the railroads took similar losses. In 1930, the whittling process cost the roads $800,000,000 for that year alone.

"During the nine years that this has been going on, more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6,000 rates have been lowered. During those nine years the Class I roads have been deprived, in that manner, of revenues totaling $6,580,000,000.

"The net result of the whittling process, bluntly, is that the entire rate increase of 1921 has been taken away by subsequent reductions in 6,000 and more individual rates. True, we've lost some freight business to the trucks; that accounts for some of the loss, undoubtedly, but the main factor is rate reduction."

The railroads' cry for rate relief is strongly indorsed by financial papers like the Boston *News Bureau*, *Wall Street Journal*, New York *Journal of Commerce*, and Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, and also by many other papers throughout the country. The Springfield *Union* is convinced that the grant of the increase as an emergency proceeding will aid the roads "to keep their bonds eligible for savings bank investments through considerably increased earnings for the latter part of the year." And we are reminded that not only do the low earnings make it hard for the roads to borrow money, "but under the laws of some States railroad bonds lose their eligibility for savings bank investments if their earnings fall below a certain percentage of their fixt charges, or fall below other standards fixt by State laws." This is a matter of public concern, insists *The Wall Street Journal*, since "the removal of numerous railroad bond issues from the legally approved savings bank and trust fund list, now an obvious probability if the carriers obtain no relief, can not fail to work serious injury to millions of savings bank depositors and insurance-policy holders."

To the argument that the application for higher rates is inconsistent because it would turn even more business over to the competing bus-truck lines, the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* replies that as a matter of fact the railroads can not compete with the bus-truck in short hauls, and what really matters "is the intake of the railroads from long-haul and heavy freight, as to which there is no competition from bus-truck lines." So the Virginia daily is convinced "that if anything like a 15 per cent. increase in rates on freight of these two characters is authorized, they will be able to weather the storm and to emerge in a sound condition."

But doubt is exprest in many editorial columns as to whether these rates will really do the railroads any good. A half dozen journals feel sure that the higher rates would simply intensify motor competition, and they point out that it is also against the low price-trend of the day. Moreover, the Chicago *Daily News* reminds the roads that the Interstate Commerce Commission "necessarily will have to consider whether the existing economy programs of the carriers are all that is claimed for them."

Raise freight rates to restore prosperity? "Preposterous!" exclaims the El Paso *Times;* "better talk about lowering them." Cheap transportation, insists the Richmond *News Leader*, "is at once a test of economic efficiency and of economic progress"—

"If the railroads' action is to be taken as a confession that they can not meet the test, then many people who heretofore have not contemplated the possibility of a change are going to ask whether private ownership is to be continued."

The Interstate Commerce Commission will grant some increase in the end, believes Mark Sullivan, but he understands that the Commission "will suggest to the railroads some steps outside the field of rates which the railroads can and should take." As it has been exprest by a railroad man, continues this writer in one of his syndicated dispatches, "they anticipate they may be told by the Commission to 'put their own house in order.'"

And incidentally, suggestions as to how the roads may put their houses in order by economies and by coordinated transportation, by greater speed and efficiency in operation, are freely made by the press. And at the same time it is urged that the Government may help the roads in many ways by removing existing restrictions.

Ocean Hoppers Busy Again

A CLEAN-CUT FLYING EXPLOIT, a 2,000-mile jump, opens the North Atlantic ocean-hopping season of 1931.

Taking off at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, the American flyers Wiley Post and Harold Gatty set their plane neatly down at Chester, England, sixteen hours and seventeen minutes later, on June 24. It was the first leg of their proposed round-the-world flight in which they hope to break the twenty-one day record of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

By only a few minutes did they miss setting a new speed

International Newsreel

Just Before the Hop

Wiley Post and Harold Gatty, the first flyers to cross the North Atlantic this year.

mark across the Atlantic. Alcock and Brown, in the first Atlantic flight, in 1919, we are reminded by the press, flew from Newfoundland to Ireland in sixteen hours and twelve minutes, and that mark still stands.

A few hours before Post and Gatty touched at Chester, Otto Hillig, wealthy photographer of Liberty, New York, and Holger Hoiriis took off from Harbor Grace for Denmark. They landed at Krefeld, Germany, more than thirty hours later.

Just before the first North Atlantic flight of the season, disaster wrecked the plane of Miss Ruth Nichols, of Rye, New York, who hoped to be the first woman to fly solo from North America to Europe. In landing at St. John, New Brunswick, she overshot the field, damaging her plane and suffering minor injuries herself.

As the new ocean-flying season gets under way, there is much shaking of editorial heads over what are considered the needless risks taken by "stunting" airmen.

Of the Post-Gatty flight, the New York *Herald Tribune* says:

"The ocean crossing is not yet remotely practicable for any regular service, and the experiments which will some day make it so are not those of the daredevils who pass through Harbor Grace. We salute those who get across as brave and skillful men (with good engines in front of them), but we should prefer it if they would refrain from trying."

This ocean-flying is "risky business," agrees the Utica *Press*, "and whether the progress of the science of flying calls for it may be a question"—

"But we would withhold no credit from those who are brave enough to attempt the flight under present conditions. The spirit of adventure is so valuable a quality that it should not be discouraged, save only when it flirts with sure and certain failure."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOPICS IN BRIEF

ABOUT the only difference between the old dime novel and one of to-day is $1.90.—*Ohio State Journal.*

IF rubber gets much cheaper, Edison will be inventing a way to turn it into goldenrod.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

THE only place where it is safe to shoot first and inquire afterward is in a crap game.—*Dallas News.*

YOU can easily tell them apart. If it seems a prize-fight, it's wrestling, and if it seems wrestling, it's a prize-fight.—*Rockford (Ill.) Star.*

WHAT we should like to know from Professor Piccard is whether the clouds, viewed from the other side, showed any silver linings.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

ANY rum racketeer in the big cities is in the near-bier business.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IT seems that a business with a slow turnover overturns quickly. — *Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

AT any rate, nobody can accuse Mrs. Lindbergh of being the proverbial "ball and chain." —*Virginian-Pilot.*

WHAT we can't understand is why France kept Texas Guinan out but let the mayors in.—*American Lumberman.*

I DON'T know anything about depressions, says J. P. Morgan. To him a depression is merely a dimple on the face of fortune.—*B'nai B'rith Messenger.*

ONLY about 3 per cent. of inmates of State prisons can play musical instruments, it is reported, which indicates that justice has not done its duty toward saxophone players.—*Albany News.*

ITALY doesn't seem to realize that Church and State can be separate without fighting each other.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

SAFETY organizations are campaigning for better brakes, and pedestrians hope for better breaks.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

IT's odd that no Democrat has thought of attributing the civil war in China to the Smoot-Hawley bill.—*Washington Post.*

WE can't help wondering what'll happen when Benito gets to heaven and St. Peter doesn't give the Fascist salute.—*Dallas News.*

A VAUDEVILLE artist in New York plays the saxophone under water, which is the way all saxophones should be played.—*Kansas City Star.*

ONE THING WE AMERICANS WILL NOT TOLERATE IS ANY REDUCTION IN OUR STANDARD OF LIVING!
HEAR HEAR
THIS IS LIVING
EXCEPT DURING VACATIONS

Circumstances Alter Cases

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

ESPECIALLY in a street-car you can tell a gentleman by what he stands for.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

WHAT we all want is war-time wages with which to buy things at panic prices.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

ODD that the King of Siam had to come to the driest country on the globe for an eye-opener.—*Ohio State Journal.*

HENRY FORD declares that we must have a new deal in business. Well, that's better than a new dole.—*Boston Herald.*

THE Tennessee Legislature still insists that evolution is not true in that State.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

IT's lucky for Herbert Hoover that his Quaker family got into this country before the Supreme Court delivered that arms-bearing decision.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

WILL HAYS says American business is staging an inglorious Bull Run. Glorious or inglorious, no such run is noticeable in the stock market.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

CONSIDERING the years of vicissitude and struggle spent in reaching Brazil, wouldn't it be as well if the *DO-X* settled down and became naturalized?—*Detroit News.*

NOW that the drys have reorganized under the name of the "Allied Forces," we suggest that the wets come out as the "Tipple Entente."—*Ohio State Journal.*

A WHITE PLAINS church holds service for golfers at 8 A. M., but we think that is a serious mistake. Golfers need services more after the game than before.—*Albany Evening News.*

HUMAN intelligence appears to have devoted itself equally to perfecting police equipment for apprehending criminals, and to improving legal equipment for getting them acquitted.—*San Diego Union.*

THE way to remedy present conditions, according to a leading economist, is to have an equitable division of work and leisure. Oh, well, we're no hog. We'll be content to take the last half. —*Boston Herald.*

A FRATERNAL potentate in San Francisco says that the cure for depression is less gloom and more back-slapping. What with the sunburn season coming on, we rather believe we prefer the depression.—*San Diego Union.*

THINGS are not altogether as bad as they once were, and we shall be able to face the forthcoming political campaign with greater equanimity since reading that Sir James Jeans says the world was once *all* gas.—*Boston Herald.*

AND if it is a fact that half our American criminals are feeble-minded, their lawyers are smart enough to restore the balance. —*Dallas News.*

THE attitude of French officials toward Texas Guinan has been cleared up at last. They have no idea of giving the little girl a big hand-out.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

READING that no member of a graduating class in a Western university believes in hell, we can only ask mildly what the students of to-day are raising.—*Boston Herald.*

THE cantaloups which Henry Ford is growing to provide alcohol for making paint for his automobiles will presumably all be of the Rocky Ford variety.—*Springfield Republican.*

IT might be a wise precaution for Sir Hubert Wilkins to have a trained whale accompany him, so if his sub becomes disabled under the ice he can be towed back to port.—*Ohio State Journal.*

KING ALFONSO, according to report, will spend most of his time reading "until he is recalled by the Spanish people." At the moment it looks as tho he's the fellow to send the Wickersham report to.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE supply of money has nothing to do with the world's depression, declares Prof. O. W. M. Sprague. We can't say as to that. All we know is that our personal depression would be less, if our own supply were greater.—*Boston Herald.*

ONLY a lunatic could be an optimist in New York.—Dr. Stephen Wise. Well, doctor, we still recall what a tough time the police had picking out the seven maniacs that got loose there some little time ago. Maybe it's right cheerful there, after all. —*Nashville Banner.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe's Cheers and Jeers for the War-Debt Holiday

WHAT THE PEOPLE of Europe really think is not always exprest in the suave, diplomatic expressions of their statesmen and politicians.

With the aim of finding out what Europeans are thinking about President Hoover's proposed "war-debt holiday," THE LITERARY DIGEST has completed a special cable poll of the daily newspapers of Germany, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, and Russia.

Instead of a unified chorus of approval and thanksgiving, the response is a discordant clamor of voices, in which cynicism and bitterness sometimes drown out the notes of hope and gratitude.

"A full year's breathing space!"

The Berlin *Germania*, Chancellor Bruening's own organ, thus heaves a great sigh of relief, and thanks President Hoover for "Germany and the world" for his "One-Year plan."

A vast majority of the German press joins *Germania* in this vote of thanksgiving, exceptions being the Communist *Rote Fahne* and the Hitlerite organ *Der Angriff*, which, in a gigantic two-line streamer, screams aloud that "Germany is the victim of a new American bluff!"

Hope from the West

—"Irish Weekly Independent" (Dublin).

But the Hitlerites, explains the German press, can be satisfied only with events of their own making. Their dissatisfaction with the Hoover plan is reechoed in European papers only of the extreme left, like the Moscow *Pravda*, and of the extreme right in France, like Léon Daudet's Royalist *Action Française*.

THE LITERARY DIGEST'S special cable poll of the foreign press brings to us no unanimous "cloud of witnesses"—but, along with the grateful acceptance of the German, English, Belgian and Italian press, a number of cat-calls, brickbats, and cynical insults that a certain type of continental editor feels compelled to hurl at all ideas emanating from Washington.

NATURALLY, Germany responds with most hope. "The foundation is now laid," explains the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to its readers, and it emphasizes that this year's breathing space should bring to Germans a sense of added responsibility, since "it will be difficult to persuade American folks that they should pay Europe's war debts with their own taxes, while Europe continues piling up its colossal armaments."

The Berlin *Vorwaerts* (Soc.) is prepared for the opposition of the French, therefore:

"We can not allow France to doubt that we shall seek all possible means during the debt holiday to lessen the burdens which, at the end of the year, must be resumed. We recognize how the Hoover plan will affect France. If she makes a wry face, we must be sensible enough to understand why. But France can afford to make the sacrifice, especially when this sacrifice will help prevent a European disaster."

The Berlin *General Anzeiger* (Soc.-Dem.) believes that the United States will benefit by the Hoover plan no less than Europe.

"In simple arithmetical explanation, America is seeking to bolster world business, and sees the necessity of placing in the hands of Europe the means of buying her agricultural and industrial products.

"The Hoover message is addrest to the American people as much as to Europe. Facing a deficit of about a billion dollars, it is intended to persuade them that a reparations holiday is for their own good."

FOR the editor of the *Koelnische Zeitung*, the "debt holiday" means the end of the "splendid isolation into which, after plunging into European affairs, America withdrew and left Europe to her fate," and, says this Catholic organ, "the present reentry of America silences this reproach."

Financial events since the Wall Street crash, in the opinion of the *Tag* (Nat.) have prompted the Hoover proposal. The real motive of this country, says the Berlin Nationalist daily, is "to secure the ability of her creditors to pay and thereby to restore her own economic health."

THE DIGEST'S cable poll indicates that dissenting voices in Germany come chiefly from the extremists. "A shameless capitalistic swindle!" exclaims the Communist *Rote Fahne*, "designed to perpetuate the capitalist régime in Germany, and thus defeat the triumph of Communism." The *Rote Fahne's* bitter enemy, the *Angriff* (Nat.-Soc.), seems to agree in this. The Hoover remedy is just a "gigantic stock-exchange maneuver enabling bankers, and particularly the hyenas of Wall Street, to regain immense profits in the sudden soaring of stocks."

These dissident voices seem more typical of French comment than German. Even after the French Cabinet had approved—with reservations, it goes without saying, papers like the Paris *Liberté* (Nat.) continued to express disapproval of the whole idea. Without tempering its bitterness, *La Liberté* asserts:

"All France rises against President Hoover's insolence.

"The first act of the French people should be to boycott American goods and stocks. Since this latest blow originated among the merchants and stockbrokers of New York and Chicago, it is in their cash boxes that we should return the blow."

THE LITERARY DIGEST'S special poll indicates the French press revolts with rare unanimity at the idea of sacrificing one penny of Germany's "unconditional" reparations debt. Among Paris's dozens of dailies, only the relatively unimportant Socialist *Populaire* approves of the Hoover remedy, asserting that "in order to save Europe, it is necessary to reduce military expenditures and employ the billions thus saved productively. Only in disarmament can President Hoover find safety."

"If we accept Hoover's offer," retorts the Royalist *Action Française*, "let us demand in exchange Germany's airplanes and the cruiser *Deutschland*." In addition:

"We must verify carefully every point of Hoover's mandate.

45100
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He must not renew the Wilson maneuver whereby we surrendered the Rhineland in exchange for the promise of a security pact, which Wilson withdrew a year later."

L'Ami du Peuple, a daily owned by François Coty, the perfume magnate, at first greeted the Hoover plan as the salvation of Europe; but on a second reading, declared:

"We had understood the United States intended to give as a present to Germany the total amount the Allies owe the United States. Our friends are free to give presents, but not with our money.

"If our Budget bruskly increases three billions of francs at the precise moment when American munificence gratifies the Reich with economies of maybe a billion marks, it is easily clear that the economic and financial stress will not end, but merely will be transferred from Germany to France."

VETERAN diagnosticians of what they like to term the "convulsions of Europe"—Saint-Brice of the *Journal*, Jacques Bain-

Progress in Germany

"The new cupola for the Reichstag"
—"Pravda" (Moscow).

ville of the *Liberté* and "Pertinax" of the *Echo de Paris*—have been conducting long and systematic campaigns against any revision of the Young plan, and are now more vehement than ever in pointing out the dangers to France. Says "Pertinax" in the *Echo de Paris:*

"As it stands the Hoover proposition is unacceptable. We can not rob the budget of 2,000,000,000 francs, nor have the unconditional annuity solemnly declared intangible, for it represents the 240 billion francs we must spend in our devastated regions."

WHILE *L'Information* admits that "Washington's declaration may be a ray of light along which Europe should follow," opening a new and favorable horizon, Pierre Bernus writes gloomily in the *Journal des Débats*, as reported in the New York *Times:*

"The more one reflects on it the more one is stupefied by the initiative taken by Mr. Hoover. The methods of this new diplomacy are disconcerting and, we must add, disquieting. The Washington Government believes that the annulment of the Young plan will procure advantages for American commerce and will save the money which has been placed in Germany so plentifully by American capitalists. What the American proposal will do, if accepted as made, is to destroy the mechanism of the Young plan and all chance of ever collecting anything from Germany."

Similarly, the *Matin* denies that Germany's ills come from the world economic crisis:

"The Reich's foreign commerce is excellent, and normal exports exceed the imports. The interior markets are anemic because of the export of capital, for which the "Steel Helmets," the Hitlerites, and other apostles of violence, are responsible."

EVEN after the French Cabinet's acceptance of the "war-debts holiday" with reservations, the *Intransigeant* warned its readers:

"A reparations gift will not bring prosperity. On the contrary, industrial equilibrium will come only with better understanding of domestic economy.

"Our duty is to see that Germany does not use the Hoover gift to our disadvantage."

If the prevailing tone of the French press is one of grudging pessimism, that of the British press is one of reserved, tho equable, optimism. The London *Times* notes:

"The more the Hoover proposal is considered the more profound becomes the conviction of its courage and its importance as a contribution to the restoration of economic stability in a disorganized world.

"It is a matter of high praise that a man who for more than a year has stood against the assaults of enmity and undeserved ill-fortune should now find the heart to confront the chances of deeper unpopularity."

The Manchester *Guardian* thinks that suspension of payments must inevitably lead to a revision of war debts. As quoted in the New York *Sun:*

"The logical results of President Hoover's scheme is an international conference. It is not too much, in view of the agonies of Europe during twelve years of peace, to suppose that at such a conference the realities of the present will outweigh the resentments of the past."

COMMENTING on "President Hoover's great-hearted message," the London *Daily Mail* thus qualifies its enthusiasm:

"Welcome as the proposals are to us, they will require some modification if they are to take effect. As it stands, this country will neither lose nor gain by them. We shall merely cease to pay the United States what we now receive from Germany and the Allies, but with France the case is altogether different.

"The French Government is perfectly willing to remit to Germany that half of the German payments which it turns over to ourselves and to the United States, but can it reasonably be expected to ask the French taxpayer in this year of strain and distress to provide another twenty-million sterling in order to meet the cost of letting Germany off the payments which she solemnly bound herself to make."

The London *Evening Standard* asserts that "the effect of President Hoover's gesture is indestructible, and out of it there must arise in the future great decisions which will powerfully influence the fortunes of the whole world."

The Brussels *Indépendence Belge*, spokesman of the Belgian Government, is thus quoted by the New York *Times:*

"President Hoover, the admirable director of the Belgian relief fund, remains faithful to his ideal. Let us have confidence in his emissaries, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Secretary of State Stimson, and let us hope Germany will understand that General Dawes can assist her more than Adolf Hitler or General von Seeckt."

The *Popolo* of Rome greets President Hoover's proposal as "one of the most important events since Europe's debts to America were systematized," and Arnoldo Mussolini, brother of Il Duce, reflects Italian enthusiasm in the semiofficial *Popolo d'Italia*. As cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, he writes:

"Will the future bring unexpected economic reverses? It is impossible to say now. Certainly a Germany reduced to economic impotency by a burden of debts was the cause of deep concern. To-morrow, lightened of reparations, and fully exploiting her ten billions of marks, and with industrial plants fully rationalized, she could cause new rivalries in other industrial countries.

"It was not only to guarantee her enormous investments in Germany that the United States started constructive action toward the world's economic restoration. Wisdom and confidence, like fear and pessimism, are contagious. Maybe we are at the end of the cycle of lean years, and human work will shine finally in a period of prosperity and fecund peace."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

International Newsreel photograph

When the Past Reviews the Future

One hundred and fifty thousand steel-helmeted troops of Germany's gunless army saluted these members of the old imperial army, at Breslau. Here we see (at the left) General von Seeckt, then former Crown Prince Wilhelm, and (center) General von Mackensen.

Germany's Gunless Army of the "Steel Helmet"

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS in a way that would seem childish to Boy Scouts!

Marching by elderly generals and princes "whose moth-eaten brilliance is more suited to fancy-dress balls than to modern politics."

In such terms the Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* derides the activities of the "Steel Helmet." But other European papers claim that Germany is building up an army that only lacks firearms to challenge the world and which aims, by making the ex-Crown Prince the next President of Germany, soon to restore the Hohenzollerns to the throne and to revive militant Pan-Germanism.

The consternation of the Paris press in particular emerges full-grown and bitterly articulate after a demonstration at Breslau, near the Polish frontier. According to the Central News, a body of no less than 150,000 of the "Steel Helmets," holding aloft the old Monarchist flag, and in full marching order, "with its own squadron of airplanes flying overhead and field kitchens lumbering in its wake," cheered the ex-Crown Prince of Germany and the generals of the defeated imperial army, who were reviewing them.

To certain French papers, the Breslau manifestation reveals without question the military and monarchistic character of this vast organization of well-trained but unarmed soldiers. Among the Berlin dailies loyal to the present Government, only the Berlin *Tageblatt* seems aware of the real menace of the Stahlhelm; tho the *Vossische Zeitung* reproaches Franz Seldte for the inflammatory speech at Breslau, in the course of which the "Steel Helmet" leader declared:

"We shall never recognize the frontiers of the Treaty of Versailles, and we swear to-day that we shall not rest until all German land, which has drunk the sweat and the blood of countless German generations, is once again part of Germany."

THE Polish Government, we read, protested against these unfriendly words. The Germans apologized. Seldte and Duesterberg have since been fined for slandering the German Republic.

A well-informed Paris weekly, *Je Suis Partout*, has attempted to find out just what ideas and ideals are fermenting in the heads protected by those steel helmets. After a survey of the German press of every shade of opinion, it attempts a word-portrait of the "personality" of the "Steel Helmet." *Je Suis Partout* concludes that the Steel Helmets are the very opposite of "childish" in their aims. They are not merely "playing soldiers," we read; they are soldiers, and they intend to fight. Furthermore:

"For a long time, as *Germania*, Chancellor Bruening's organ, explains, the Stahlhelm (Steel Helmet), under the direction of Franz Seldte and Theodor Duesterberg, has become a great league of Nationalist combat.

"Organized like a mobilizable army, it includes not only former able-bodied fighters, but also enrolls the younger generation, which receives a first-class military training under the direction of the old imperial army.

"It is considered in Germany by the well-informed as the 'shock troops' of Mr. Hugenberg, magnate of the Nationalist press, and head of the German-National party.

"The influence of the partizans of the old order predominates. Less and less care is taken to conceal this fact.

"In addition, most of Hitler's National Socialists who served during the war are members, and the political relations between these two groups are very close."

ALL the parties of the Right, continues this French analysis, march together under the "Steel Helmet."

In the Paris *Libérté*, Jacques Bainville recalls that General Hindenburg's term as President of Germany expires in 1932, and that, in accordance with the Weimar constitution, a new President will be elected by a plebiscite. The Breslau demonstration was used by the "Steel Helmet" to test out the popularity of the ex-Crown Prince, says the Berlin correspondent of the London *Telegraph*. Then it adds:

"For obvious reasons an attempt to reestablish the imperial throne is unlikely so long as the ex-Kaiser lives.

"The Presidency would, however, give the Prince the position of head of the State, without reviving dissensions in the Monarchist ranks.

"It is very doubtful whether President Hindenburg can be induced to seek a second term of office, and if he refuses to stand, the Monarchists will certainly put up a candidate of their own.

"If they do so, the present probabilities are that they will try to establish the Crown Prince in the Presidency as the decisive step to the throne.

"Such developments are no longer remote possibilities, as they were two or three years ago. They will be among the practical issues of the fateful year of 1932.

"When the ex-Crown Prince was permitted to return to Germany he gave a formal undertaking to Dr. Stresemann not to mix in politics here. Apparently he takes the view that the death of Dr. Stresemann has released him from the obligations of that promise.

"It will be recalled that Prince Louis Napoleon stept from the Presidency of the Second Republic to the throne of France, when he effected his famous *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and became Emperor after a plebiscite in the following year."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gandhi's Gangster Troubles

CAN GANDHI TAME THE GANGSTERS of India?

"Reform, conversion, love," is the Mahatma's answer to this question. In *Young India* (Ahmadabad, Bombay), he frankly admits that America holds no monopoly of racketeers and gangsters, and that the *goondas*, as they are named in such places as Calcutta and Bombay, found it to their own advantage to act as volunteer members of the Congress party.

During the final stages of the civil disobedience movement, with its paid volunteers, its picketing and boycotting of foreign goods, the *goondas* found an excellent opportunity to blackmail dealers in foreign cloth, Mr. Gandhi plaintively admits in *Young India*. Yet, Mr. Gandhi confesses:

"Having made the mistake of indiscriminate recruiting, how are we to repair the mischief in a non-violent way?

"The *goondas* are part of us, and, therefore, must be handled gently and sympathetically. People do not take to *goonda*-ism for the love of it.

"There should be no yielding to bullying, bluff, or worse, even tho it may mean the loss of a few precious lives.

"We may not seek police assistance to deal with the disease, altho it is open to any Congressman to seek it precisely in the same manner as any other citizen. . . . Seeking police assistance is the way of punishment, fear, want of affection, if not actual disaffection."

To the Indian correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, this advice sounds slightly ridiculous:

"The *goonda* is not likely to be converted to a respectable life because some of the people whom he threatens do not seek police protection. If Mr. Gandhi wants such a change of heart he must turn the resources at his disposal into a mission of reform."

The *Guardian* correspondent gives further details concerning the "rackets" employed by India's professional gangsters. They differ from such "big shots" as our own Al Capone, he explains, only in the scale of their nefarious operations:

"The '*goonda*' is a professional bully, who likes to work in a gang, and has for centuries practised most of the methods of collecting money which we have learned to connect with the name of Al Capone.

"He has little to learn from the West either about murder or blackmail.

"He thrives best when times are disturbed, and is always most prominent when there are communal or political troubles."

No sooner had the "little brown man" successfully tamed the British lion, to follow the *Guardian* account, and the Irwin-Gandhi pact put in operation, than the *goondas* turned on the leaders of the Congress party themselves. Now the Mahatma is confronted with the difficult problem of purging his party of this gangster element. But, if we may believe the correspondent of the reliable *Guardian*, even the most ardent admirers of Gandhi may doubt whether the racketeer will respond to Gandhi's proposed remedy of "reform, conversion, love":

"His profession is often an hereditary calling in which he feels considerable pride, and there is not much temptation for him to turn his attention to more honest forms of livelihood so long as there is so much unemployment in the cities.

"The Government can not be acquitted of some share in allowing '*goonda*-ism' to spread since the war, but it will be interesting to see whether responsible Ministers in the Provinces will prove more successful in dealing with this problem."

The Indian Congress party was glad enough to make use of the *goondas* to carry on its campaign, the Manchester *Guardian* comments, and Mr. Gandhi's program of civil disobedience provided precisely the proper soil in which these gangsters have flourished. Now they present a ticklish problem for the great advocate of "soul-force" to solve:

"They flourished on civil disobedience, and in certain cases they visited their resentment at its ending on their late employers, who were forced in self-defense to distribute money amongst them.

"Mr. Gandhi freely admitted all this, and he suggests that internal *goonda*-ism should be dealt with by the same methods as government *goonda*-ism—by 'reform, conversion, love.'

"It is an admirable sentiment, only one doubts whether *goondas* will prove susceptible to soul-force, and easily be persuaded to abandon their present pursuits.

"More matter-of-fact Indians than Mr. Gandhi will view with a certain alarm the encouragement that the recent political agitation has given to lawless elements in the population, and wonder whether Congress will be able to control such elements.

"Otherwise, there is a grave danger that Calcutta and Bombay will, like Chicago, suffer at the hands of gangsters."

Hongkong's Little Girl Slaves

"MY WIFE AND I have decided to sell our little daughter, nine years old."

A Mui Tsai agent was called in, a deed of sale was drawn up, and the little Chinese girl of Hongkong was sold to a Chinese woman for $110 in the currency of that Crown Colony of the British Empire.

Burning with indignation, the Right Hon. Sir John Simon read that bill of sale in the House of Commons in London the other day, explaining to shocked members of Parliament that this transaction took place less than two years ago, almost a century after Parliament had passed an act abolishing the status of slavery in the British colonies.

To-day, after ninety years of British occupation of Hongkong, which lies off the coast of China with a strip of the mainland included within its boundaries, there are thousands of these little girls—the London *Daily Express* avers there are no less than 10,000—who are living under conditions "which from time to time have led to deplorable cases of cruelty which have come before the Hongkong courts."

For more than two hours the House of Commons listened to Sir John's revelations of this scandal, and decided to do everything possible to aid the Colonial Office to free as soon as possible the pitiful Mui Tsai girls.

Subsequently, in an article published in *The Sunday Times*, Sir John called upon his countrymen to insist upon the removal of this blot upon Britain.

Even tho these little Hongkong girls may not be, in the eyes of the law, Sir John explained, actual slaves—

"The methods by which they are obtained and the circumstances under which they are working are absolutely inconsistent with British notions of individual liberty, and are bound to stir the active sympathy and championship of all who detest anything which approaches the incidence of slavery.

"In two years' time we shall reach the centenary of the passing of the British Act of Parliament which abolished the status of slavery in British colonies. All the more reason, I think, why we should strain every nerve to make the reality correspond with the technicality before two more years are passed.

"But in very many cases the history of these children is that under pressure of poverty, and in pursuance of a practise which has been wide-spread in China, their parents have parted with them to a purchaser who has paid money for them, often through the agency of a middleman, so that the children themselves are sometimes unable to furnish the names of their father and mother to the official who, under a recent law, seeks to enter particulars in the Government Register.

"In the debate last Monday I called attention to cases which had come before the courts of Hongkong, and are reported quite recently in the Hongkong press, in which money had been paid for these girls—often small children of ten years of age, and even younger—in order to secure their service as domestic drudges.

"The child has had nothing to do with the transaction; her consent or approval has never been asked; the money—141 dollars in one case, 150 in another, 120 in a third, 80 dollars, 130 dollars, or 300 dollars—has been paid to the recipient in the position of a seller."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Oyster Losing His Fight

HE IS GROWING SCARCER AND SCARCER. Our great grandchildren may never know his toothsome flavor.

Marine enemies devour him by myriads. Even his own parents relish him as food. Fish, jelly-fish, worms, starfish, the "drilling periwinkle"—all are as fond of oysters as we are, and they sit at the first table.

We enjoy only their leavings.

Huge fish, with crushing or grinding apparatus in mouths or throats, even smash the toughest oyster-shells to get at the delicacy within.

The author of an article in *The American Weekly* (New York), entitled "Why Our Grandchildren May Never Eat an Oyster," begins by telling us about the little baby oysters:

"In the beginning, when first discharged from the mother oyster's shell, the baby is nothing but a naked droplet of living matter.

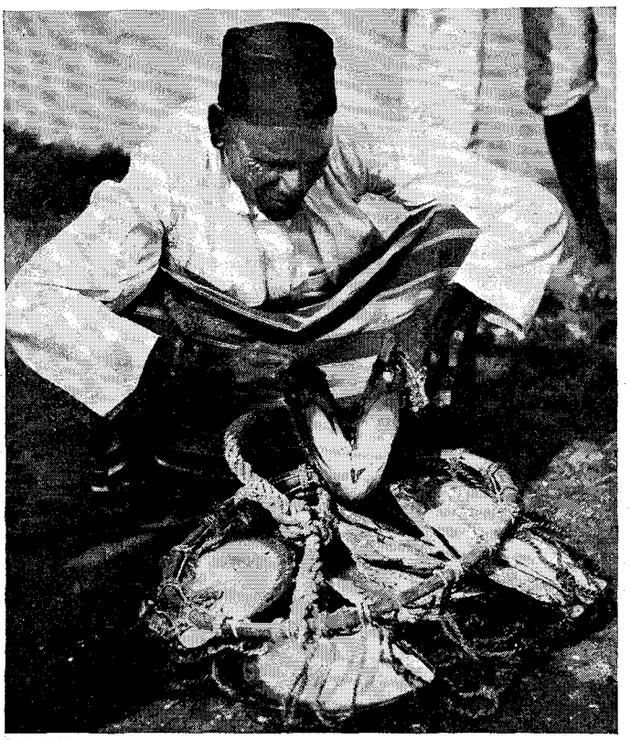
"Day by day this drop enlarges and becomes more complicated, presently developing tiny hairlike projections, which wave in the water and enable the baby oyster to swim.

"Many kinds of fish live on the myriads of floating creatures, mostly microscopic in size, which are to be found in virtually all well-peopled waters. Gulping such water in great mouthfuls, these fish filter out of it the tiny creatures which they use for food. One good-sized fish probably eats thus at one gulp enough baby oysters to people the whole of an oyster-bed.

"On the sea bottom there are likely to be growing, also, veritable forests of sea-anemones with fringes of tentacles that seize the floating baby oysters by myriads.

"Sea-squirts, small shrimplike creatures, and scores of other swimming animals or sea-bottom denizens capture millions of the baby oysters. Millions of others fall victim to clams and other shell-fish. Even the older oysters themselves often devour their own young.

"Once the baby oyster has developed sufficiently to be able to swim, it probably succeeds in escaping the cannibalistic efforts of its own parents. It immediately is threatened, however, by a still more dangerous enemy. Recently the Atlantic coasts of the United States have been infested by myriads of a kind of jelly-fish apparently very fond of these swimming baby oysters. A large part of the recent tendency for oyster-beds to decrease in size and population is ascribed by experts to hordes of these jelly-fish."



Ewing Galloway photograph

If the Oysters Go, Will Pearls Disappear?

A Moro searching oysters for pearls.

WITHIN two or three weeks after their birth, we are told, the baby oysters grow small shells and settle down to their life-long homes on the sea bottom. That ends, in the main, the menace of the jelly-fish, but now other enemies take its place. Says the writer:

"Species of sea-bottom worms begin attacking the young oysters. Several varieties of crabs also consider these small thin-shelled creatures as desirable delicacies. Even when the young oyster has grown sufficiently in size to have a thick, armorlike shell, its troubles are by no means over.

"Then comes one of the worst of all menaces to the oyster—the starfish. The underside of the starfish is provided with a number of thin, tubelike projections, each equipped at its tip with a small sucker by which the foot can be attached to the surface of a rock or the shell of an oyster.

"Countless thousands of starfish sweep over an oyster-bed, each attaching itself to an oyster's shell, and when the oyster must open for a breath of fresh water, the starfish maintains a steady pull, preventing the oyster from closing its shell. Slowly the oyster-shell is forced open a little wider until the starfish projects its own stomach into the crack.

"Entire oyster-beds have been wiped out by the invasion of an army of starfish, leaving nothing but empty shells behind. There is another group of sea-bottom worms equipped with chemical machinery to drill holes through the oysters' shells, and a group of sponge animals similarly able to dissolve a hole through the oysters' armor. It is probable that the sponge has no evil designs, but is merely endeavoring to excavate a firm foothold for itself, but the result is equally disastrous to the oyster, whatever the intentions of the sponge.

"In many parts of the world there exist, also, small shell-fish of the periwinkle group which possess another type of machinery by which to penetrate the oysters' shells. At one end of the body of the drilling-periwinkle nature has provided a set of sharp teeth, like the teeth on a saw. These can be rotated as a driller rotates the tools with which he sinks an oil-well. Gradually the tiny boring machinery penetrates the oyster's shell and another oyster departs from the population.

"Finally, among living enemies, the oyster city is threatened once in a while by attacks of veritable devouring machines, like great war-tanks sweeping across a human village. Two prominent kinds of American fish, the drumfish and the stinging-ray, possess machinery against which the oyster's shell armor is of little use.

"In the jaws of the stinging-ray are two sets of crushing-machines like a pair of giant nutcrackers. A school of these fish, advancing slowly across an oyster-bed, may wipe out the population utterly in a single night.

"The drumfish, equally dangerous to the oyster cities, has in its throat a crushing mechanism not unlike a powerful coffee-grinder. Either of these living machines can crush an oyster-shell like paper."

EVEN if an oyster escapes all these living enemies, the motionless animal may be smothered by sand or mud stirred up by storms or brought down by river floods. And that is not all:

"A part of the oyster's food comes from the tiny sea plants which require phosphorus and nitrogen in the water. Sometimes the water about an oyster-bed ceases to contain enough of these two chemical elements, the plant population stops growing, and the oysters in turn starve, sicken, and die.

"So many and so complicated are the menaces which nature has built up around the oyster, that the best efforts of science have so far failed to cope with the situation, and the oyster supply of the world is growing smaller every year."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great American Scientist

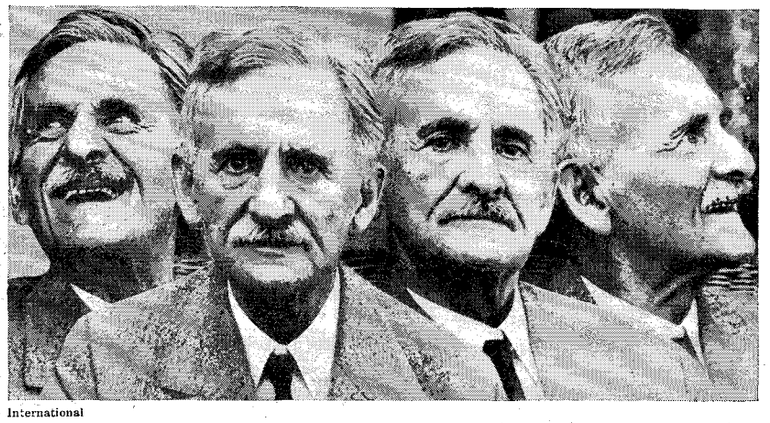
PRESIDENT GRANT WAS SURPRIZED, one day in 1869, when a youth of seventeen, a total stranger, approached him and asked for an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

But genius recognizes genius, and the boy received the appointment.

The young man was Albert Abraham Michelson, and no appointment ever was better deserved or brought more brilliant results.

This picturesque incident, along with many others, comes out in notices of the recent death of the great American scientist.

Like Einstein, Professor Michelson whiled away his leisure moments by playing the violin. At other times he painted charming sketches in water-color, or on the back of a menu card he would sketch the profile of a friend at luncheon. His co-ordination was so perfect and his touch was so deft, we are told, that there was more satisfaction in being defeated by him at billiards than in winning from another opponent.



International

A Man of Many Moods: Albert Abraham Michelson

The list of his degrees, his prizes, his university professorships, and memberships in the great scientific societies of the world is too long and too familiar to need repetition here. "In everything he did, whether it was work or play," says Forest R. Moulton in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.), "he was an artist."

MICHELSON'S art, we are told, was also manifested in his experiments, even in the first he performed, that of measuring the velocity of light as a class demonstration, at Annapolis. With hastily constructed apparatus he secured results of a higher order of accuracy than any theretofore attained. Much of his scientific work throughout his long life related to light, and his last experiment, completed just before his death, was an extraordinarily accurate measurement of its velocity. Mr. Moulton goes on:

"In all of his experiments he exhibited an uncanny ability to make apparatus work. For example, after French physicists thought they had proved both theoretically and experimentally that interference phenomena could not be secured in white light, he set up in Paris his recently invented interferometer with the materials that happened to be available, and astonished the French scientists with its performance. For the purpose of measuring short distances or small angles, the interferometer is incomparably superior to the microscope. An outgrowth is his later stellar interferometer with which the diameters of several stars have been measured.

"Early in his scientific career, Michelson, in association with E. W. Morley, performed an experiment which marks a turning-point in the philosophy of physical science. To the mass of mankind the surface of the earth appears fixt, but to the astronomer the earth is a tiny globe which spins on its axis and revolves about the sun. If one should be tempted to conclude that motion with respect to the sun is absolute, astronomers would inform him that the sun moves with respect to the stars; and recently it has been found that our galaxy is moving with respect to exterior galaxies.

"In 1887 Michelson and Morley undertook to measure the motion of the earth, not with respect to the sun, or our galaxy, or exterior galaxies, but with respect to the ether, an assumed all-pervading medium through which light is transmitted and which, if anything, would give absolute motion. The quantity to be determined was so minute that it could be measured only with the aid of Michelson's interferometer. To the astonishment of scientists, no certain motion of the earth with respect to the assumed ether was found. Tho light has the properties of wave-motion, it appears to be propagated with a speed which is independent of the motion of its source."

EINSTEIN'S theory of relativity has its roots in the Michelson-Morley experiment. All the changes it has introduced into physics and astronomy rest upon the experiment carried out in Cleveland in 1887, and upon the verification of its surprizing results. Whatever modifications the theory of relativity may undergo, and whatever may be its ultimate fate, the results of the Michelson-Morley experiment stand. To quote further:

"In 1913 Michelson and Gale carried out their first earth-tide experiment, the purpose of which was to determine the degree of rigidity and of elasticity of the earth. Sir George Darwin had built up a beautiful theory of the tidal evolution of the earth-moon system, including the separation of the moon from the earth by fission, on the hypothesis that the earth as a whole is a viscous body. A number of us in 1909 had concluded from dynamical and geophysical considerations that the theory of tidal evolution is quantitatively erroneous. The tide experiment and the associated laborious mathematical work were undertaken cooperatively for the purpose of testing the basic hypothesis of the tidal theory. As scientists generally know, it was found that the earth, on the whole, is as stiff and as elastic as steel.

"The brilliancy of Michelson as an experimenter is well illustrated by the tide experiment. Altho the radius of the earth is uncertain by several hundred feet, he measured the variations it undergoes as a consequence of the tidal forces of the moon and the sun to within one-hundredth of an inch. The final series of measurements, extending throughout all of 1917, were automatically recorded on motion-picture film by the aid of his interferometer.

"Another adaptation of the interferometer led to a means of measuring the diameters of minute satellites and planetoids and of the larger of the stars. It is applicable also to measuring the distances between the components of double stars which are so close together as to be completely inseparable by the most powerful telescopes."

Our Telephonic Center

THE center of all the "centrals" is between Lima, Ohio, and Logansport, Indiana.

How the telephone people figure this out is explained in *The Bell Telephone Quarterly* (New York), in which we read:

"Announcement was recently made by the Chief Statistician's Division of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company that the 'median point' of telephone development in the United States, sometimes referred to as the 'numerical center of telephones,' was located at the beginning of 1930 in Van Wert County, Ohio, at a distance of about twenty-four miles almost due west of the city of Lima, Ohio, and approximately ninety-five miles east of Logansport, Indiana.

"The median point is the junction of the line dividing the number of telephones equally north and south with the line dividing them equally east and west, and was determined as the intersection of the 40 degree 44 minute north parallel of latitude and the 84 degree 34 minute west meridian of longitude.

"The median point of population was located in 1920 about six miles southwest of Union City, Indiana, whereas the corresponding telephone point was situated at that time about ninety miles air-line distance northwest of that city near Logansport, Indiana."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Self-Photography

ANY ONE WHO HAS HAD TO POSE before a strange photographer and a threatening camera will admit that he does not feel comfortable and at ease.

Artificial molding of one's expression and mood according to some one else's instructions causes strain and tension, and results in unnatural and self-conscious expressions.

Now this main bane of the photographer is eliminated, it is claimed by a new process of pose-reflecting photography known as PhotoReflex. We read in a press bulletin:

"PhotoReflex, a new portrait cabinet, is the invention of Luther G. Simjian, director of the photographic department of the Yale School of Medicine. Mr. Simjian has to his credit several other discoveries, such as a new silver screen for microscopic projection and a quick-proofing process. The novel feature in this invention lies in the provision of a mirror by which the sitter may study his pose and expression before the exposure. The thought behind the invention is to stimulate portrait photography by making it more natural and more pleasant.

"The apparatus embodying the invention consists of a cabinet equipped with the pose-reflecting mechanism and a photographic camera. There are five apertures in the cabinet, one in the center, and two on each side. As the sitter walks in and seats himself comfortably on the chair in the middle of the cabinet, he is told to study himself in different poses and from different angles. By merely pressing a button underneath each aperture, he is faced with a different view of himself such as is seen by the camera. The camera, which remains unseen by the sitter, is behind the movable mirror arrangement in the center aperture. As this reflecting mirror is on the focal plane of the lens of the camera, the image which the sitter sees in the mirror is the exact image which will be recorded on the sensitive medium in the camera. When the sitter is satisfied with his pose and expression, and decides to take his picture, he touches a button placed in his hand. Instantly the mirror arrangement in front of the camera moves, and through an aperture in it the exposure is made. Thus the sitter, being able to see his image throughout the operation, is unaware that his picture has been taken. He can have a profile or a semi-profile by looking into the side apertures. A further feature of the apparatus is that the mirror is combined with a lens to reduce the proportions of the image so as to have the appearance of the finished portrait. An additional advantage of this lens is that greater depth and definition is obtained in the negative exposed through it.

"It is believed that this new process of portraiture will eventually replace the old system of photography."

"Some" Destroyer!

WHAT is "more powerful than the combined armies of the world"?

What has "destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations"?

The answer is given by *The Safe Worker* (Chicago) in the striking style of personification used by Robert H. Davis in his famous piece: "I am the Printing Press." We read on:

"I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

"I steal, in the United States alone, over five billion dollars each year.

"I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

"I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad-train.

"I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners a year.

"I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

"I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the factory, at railroad crossings, and on the sea.

"I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

"I destroy, crush, or maim. I give nothing, but take all.

"I am your worst enemy.

"I am CARELESSNESS."

The Vitamins and the Jokers

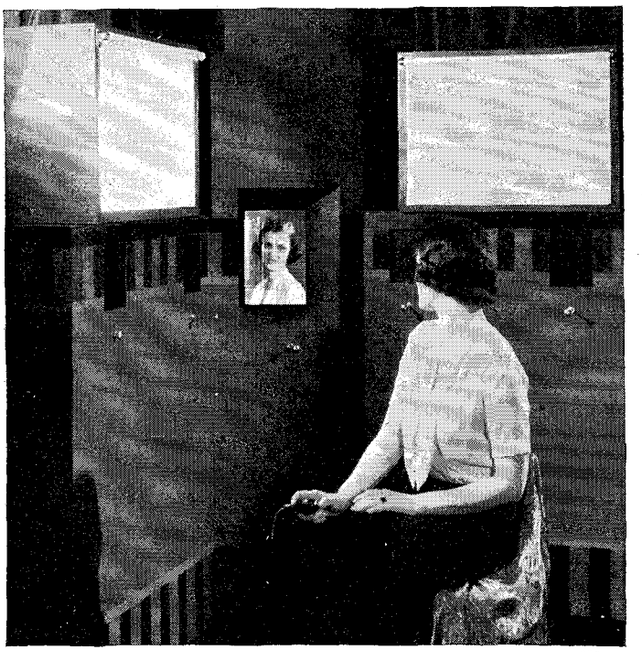
THE NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHERS are having fun with the vitamins.

Let them have their joke, says a tolerant editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). Jokes on scientific subjects often do more good than harm. They make people think, expose error, and may ultimately lead to more correct ideas.

The vitamins, however, are really no joke.

Physicians, we are told, are learning to use them directly in medicine and even in surgery.

Primarily nutritional adjuncts, they may be usefully diverted



Pose Your Own Photo by this Device

to other purposes, to the great advantage of many a sufferer. We read:

"Two decades ago, the scoffers cried that 'what we need in this country is food, not calories.' When, a few years later, it became likely that food would win a war and that calory-yielding foods were 'fuel for the fighters,' the humorist failed to find an appropriate theme in the calory concept.

"To-day the vitamin hypothesis supplies a profitable theme for the columnist. He demands more evidence for the existence of the postulated food potencies.

"If they are real, why don't the chemists exhibit them, as they do salt and sugar?

"Such frivolous presentations of scientifically serious subjects have some wholesome aspects. The vitamin hypothesis, which still presents analogies with magic because it represents the unusual or unexpected in routine experience, has become something for the false publicity-seeker and the food-faker to conjure with. Vitamins have become the vague talking-points in the promotion of cure-alls and panaceas for health.

"Furthermore, modern advertising has all too often presented a dire picture of vitamin starvation among the population and has ventured to arouse the fear of untoward consequences unless immediate steps are taken to supply the lacking essential. One might also conclude, after reading some of the bill-boards or newspaper columns, that America is the home of a nation living exclusively on polished rice or corn-starch or gelatin or olive-oil. Hence salvation is to be acquired only through the purchase of this or that proprietary vitamin preparation.

"The pictured cure is as dramatic as are the actual experiments with animals existing on such extremely one-sided diets. Fortunately, the average American diet affords little justification for the assumption of wide-spread starvation with respect to any dietary requisite."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wanted: High-Speed Highways

INSTEAD OF LIMITING THE SPEED of vehicles for safety's sake, why not attain the same end by making roads safe for speeding?

Increased automobile speeds on rural highways made possible by construction of roads designed to reduce accidents is predicted by Maxwell Halsey, traffic engineer of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, in an article in *Civil Engineering* (New York).

Says a reviewer in the New York *Times:*

"Through rural highways, he suggests, should be constructed with a raised center strip dividing the road into two distinct traffic lanes.

"This, he asserts, would prevent head-on collisions. Such roads are made more necessary, he holds, because the higher comfortable riding speed of inexpensive cars, which make up about 70 per cent. of present registrations, have increased the average highway speed at least ten miles an hour.

"'Increasing highway speed merely reflects the individual's demand for increased mobility,' Mr. Halsey writes. 'The twentieth century has placed such a high value on time that the motorist does not like to waste any more of it than necessary in getting from one place to another. It was only a few years ago that highway speed was limited by the class of car the individual could afford.

"'It is true that the inexpensive cars could go fast, but they were not comfortable at high speeds, and wore out much more rapidly. Car manufacturers soon realized this, and the cheapest cars now on the market have comfortable driving speeds which more nearly approach those of higher-priced cars, and they are capable of traveling at speeds in excess of those which existing highways can take care of in safety.'"

BOTH vehicle and surface are now capable of permitting the average speed desired by most motorists, Mr. Halsey thinks, but the design of intersections and straightaways is not such as to make these speeds safe. He goes on:

"The point is, then, that people want increased mobility, as evidenced by the rapid development of automobiles and airplanes, and the traffic authorities should prepare their highways for increased speeds with safety—proposed laws and rigid enforcement notwithstanding.

"Average highway speeds have not yet reached their maximum, and unless highway design is improved to keep pace with them, more and more accidents wi l result.

"The raised center strips will prevent head-on collisions by forcing motorists to drive on the right-hand side of the highway, by eliminating mid-block turns, and by reducing headlight glare. The building of three- and four-lane highways, with the outside lanes of smooth cement and the inside lane or lanes of rough macadam, encourages motorists to use the attractive outside lanes, leaving the center free for passing. Improved shoulders will induce motorists to park off the traveled way."

Are We Exploding?

ASTRONOMERS are now intensively at work on the solution of one of the universe's greatest scientific problems.

It is thus stated by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin:* "Is the universe actually exploding like a gigantic shell, flying to pieces at the rate of thousands of miles per second, and doubling its size every fourteen hundred million years?" It goes on:

"Sir James Jeans, British astronomer, revealed here after visiting Mt. Wilson Observatory in California that an answer to this important question may be expected from a dual attack by Mt. Wilson scientists, which promises to be successful in a few years. The discovery that the great nebulæ or gigantic star groups are rushing away from us at terrific speeds, some as high as 12,500 miles a second, was termed by Sir James 'a major difficulty in understanding the processes of nature.' This outward bursting of the universe's units was discovered at Mt. Wilson Observatory through shifts in the spectral lines of light from the distant nebulæ.

"Whether the immense recessional velocities observed by Mt. Wilson astronomers are real exploding motions of the universe or whether the research now in progress will prove them to be merely apparent effects that can be explained otherwise, Sir James did not express an opinion. But he did explain that the stars are known to be millions of millions of years old, and that the universe, if it has been exploding continuously, must have once been extremly small and compact.

"Explaining the size and structure of the universe as explored by the Mt. Wilson telescopes, Sir James said that if the farthest reach of the largest telescope to-day, a distance that would take light a hundred and forty million years to cross, were only one mile, and 300 tons of apples were scattered about approximately twenty-five yards apart, then each apple would roughly represent a nebula or gigantic aggregation of stars like the Milky Way system in which our sun is but one of several hundred million stars."

Television's Dilemma

NOW THAT WE HAVE TELEVISION, what shall we do with it?

This question, we are told in a press bulletin issued by Television News Service (Boston), expresses somewhat the dilemma of the television broadcasters. Says Hollis Baird, chief engineer of Shortwave and Television Corporation: "It's really not so bad as that, but being a new art, it offers an unlimited field of study as to how it can be made the most of in an entertainment way." He goes on:

"Television may count as a blessing the fact that the voice end of the radio art has been so highly developed that television entertainment must be considered as a sight-and-sound proposition.

"The talking motion-pictures have successfully demonstrated the great value of combined sight-and-sound entertainment. In television this is a great help at this time, since the added entertainment of the sound compensates to a great deal for the limitations of present-day television, successful as it is.

"One of television's first steps will be the projection of talking-picture films which will bring to the home entertainment based on sight and sound which is the result of years of work on the part of motion-picture producers.

"In addition, mere news flashes need no longer be sent out audibly, for a news event recorded by sight and sound can be put on the air the day it happens, in the evening, when every one will be at home to enjoy it.

"Then comes the more involved question of studio productions, direct pick-up entertainment.

"New photocell equipment permits close-up and long shots so that a variety enters television which was lacking in the first efforts.

"Fading-in from one of these 'shots' to the other can be accomplished electrically as easily as a motion-picture fades from one scene into another. This will bring up the question of scenery.

"How much background can be picked up? Upon this will depend the scenic effects. Undoubtedly suggestion and exaggerated details will make up the earliest scenery.

"Then there will be the question of make-up. If make-up can help a motion-picture actor or actress with the fine definition which present-day movies permit, it will surely have a big place in television.

"Just what colors will be best, what features will need emphasis, and many other points will have to be considered.

"The subjects of entertainment will be of interest. Simple variety or vaudeville acts lend themselves most easily to television, but there is a richer field than this, particularly in the dramatic field. That the public definitely favors drama is shown by the great popularity of dramatic skits on the air to-day despite the very definite limitations of drama which come to the ear only.

"The tremendous possibilities of air-drama incorporating sight as well as sound are easily foreseen. Television will have a technique different from motion-pictures, altho allied to them, and once this has been worked out along with the normal progress television is making, the ultimate result will be home entertainment which, if mentioned even ten years ago, would have labeled the prophet as at least some one with badly wandering fancies."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Whistler Lost His Job

ART PROVED TO BE WHISTLER'S DOWNFALL in Uncle Sam's service.

Working for $1.50 a day as draftsman in the Coast and Geodetic Survey, he could not forbear embellishing his plates with features not included in strict geodetic formulæ.

This, and an inability to keep office hours, made him *persona non grata.*

So, being bored himself with his work, his resignation was eagerly accepted, and he went away to Europe to create the works of art that now adorn the galleries of the world, not excluding Washington.

But here he acquired his first schooling as an etcher.

In the Washington *Daily News* we find the story of his life at this time, and a reproduction of the plate now eagerly sought by collectors:

"Whistler was considerable of a playboy in the old Coast Survey. Perhaps he should be pardoned, for those were the 'good old days' when offices closed at three and it was quite the custom to send out the messenger for a bucket of ale. And Whistler was just a youth.

"A native of Massachusetts, he had left West Point because of low marks in his studies, and he had come here in 1854 to enter the Navy. Following his year with the Coast Survey, he went to Europe, and the rest is history.

"In the Coast Survey—then located on the northwest corner of New Jersey Avenue and C Street, S. E.—Whistler loved to draw caricatures and sketches in unconventional places.

"He would not get to work on time, and often it was noon when he arrived.

"So regular was his tardiness that the Survey assigned another draftsman, Adolph Lindenkohl, to bring Whistler to work every morning. The result was that the pair would show up together—about the middle of the day.

"Other factors, also, were involved in Whistler's efficiency record.

"On drawings of dignified and scientific character he would give play to his genius, and he would insert details that might have been in the original, but could not be proved.

"On a map-drawing of Anacapa Island, in California, he created a flock of gulls which later were deleted by official action. The gulls were artistic, but not in keeping with the subject.

"'Whistler,' says an account of his service by E. Lester Jones, former director of the Survey, 'left an impress upon the bureau because of his proclivity to sketch whatever was in his mind, and many of the Survey's officials became victims of his caricatures, which sometimes were engraved on the margins of copper plates and at other times on the bare white walls leading to the superintendent's office.

"'The latter offered a temptation which could not be resisted, and he would frequently stop on his way up or down to correct and add to these drawings.

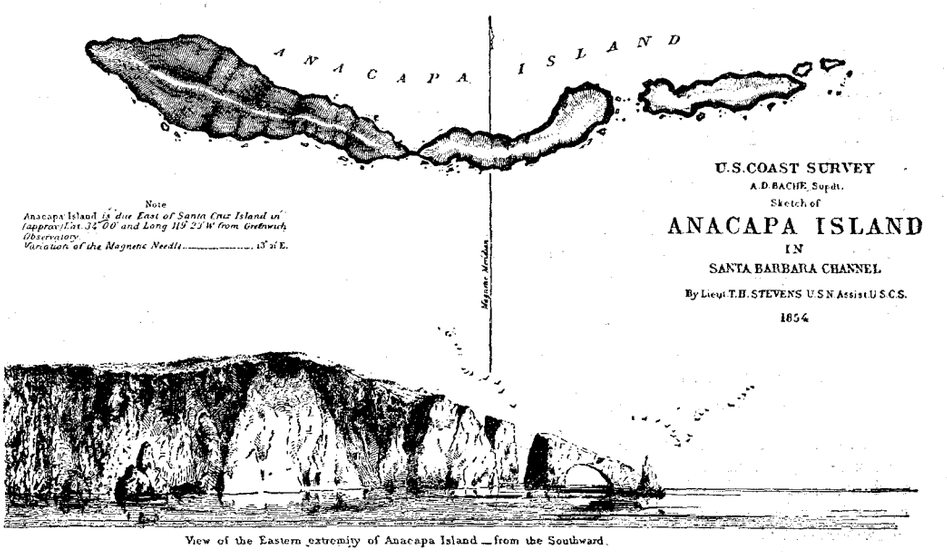
"'The rules of the office were soon found to be exacting, and his monthly reports attest how lightly he approved bureaucratic restrictions. His inventive genius required freer scope. . . . His connection with the bureau was terminated without a trace of ill feeling, and both the office and he continued on their own separate ways.

"'It was in later years that he once remarked: "It was not that I arrived too late in the morning, but the office opened too early."

"'Yet Pennell, his biographer, in speaking of the Survey in those days, states, "It was the hardest and most perfect school of etching in the world," and it was here that he acquired technical instruction and a thorough foundation in drawing and in the different mediums of art expression.'"

CHARLES L. DEETZ, cartographer of the Survey, has made an exhaustive study of Whistler, and is also quoted by C. A. F., who writes this article:

"'Within a few months after Whistler's arrival,' says Mr. Deetz, 'his name appeared as the designer of a sketch, Anacapa Island, a distinction never achieved by any other employee in so short a time. Elimination of unnecessary detail and a minimum amount of labor to achieve the desired result, were distinctive features of his work.'



View of the Eastern extremity of Anacapa Island — from the Southward.

When a Geodetic Map Irked

Whistler etched in a flight of birds and lost his job.

"A plate known as 'The Heads,' containing sketches on the edges of a Survey subject, now deposited in the Freer Art Gallery, in Washington, is described by Mr. Deetz as 'about perfect.' The plate can be considered priceless.

"'His early training in the Coast and Geodetic Survey was undoubtedly the keystone to his success, as it was in this government bureau that he came in contact with some of the most talented engravers of the day.'

"Other Survey officials who take pride in Whistler's association with the bureau and who are repositories of the legends that have been handed down about him, are Capt. E. H. Pagenhart, chief of the division of charts, and William F. Peabody, chief of the engraving section."

ADDITIONAL light on this period is shed by Sadakichi Hartmann in his "The Whistler Book" (L. C. Page & Co.):

"He left West Point in July, 1854.

"The technical discharge was 'deficiency in chemistry,' but it was probably general unfitness for a career of discipline and exactness.

"Through some influence he received an appointment in the drawing division of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey at Washington, D. C., at the salary of $1.50 a day, but he resigned two months later.

"The government records show that he worked only six and a half days in January, and five and three-quarter days in February. He apparently had no taste for map designing and bird's-eye views.

"It is said he paid more attention to the deliberate drawing of little trees and detail than to topographic facts."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Student Revolt

THE COLLEGES HAVE LET LOOSE a horde of boys upon the world.

Are they the "rah-rah boys" of old?

If you fear it, read *The Harkness Hoot* of Yale, a magazine "open to comment and provocative criticism in the college world."

It shows that the undergraduate body are bold enough to speak up for themselves, and not accept supinely all the things imposed on them by superior authority.

And it is not only at Yale, either, that there is "revolt on the campus," we find in an article by Walter Prichard Eaton in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Harvard and Columbia, too, are hearing "voices in the air," tho they do not seem to have a special organ of protest.

What stirs up the undergraduate is thus summarized by Mr. Eaton:

"The undergraduate of to-day is in revolt, and intelligent revolt, against excessive emphasis on size, on brick and mortar, on the control of his destinies by wealth, however philanthropic, and above all by mere traditionalism.

"He is seeking, however blindly, for the true values in his college life, and they have got to be his values, not those invented by somebody else, maybe long ago.

"Show him his values, and he will go with you just as far, just as hard, just as enthusiastically, as any youth ever would, anywhere."

ONE of the two editors of *Harkness Hoot* is William Harlan Hale, of the class of 1932, who contributes to the April-May number some reflections on "The Madness at New Haven." He points out that at the beginning of the century Yale became "very self-conscious of its educational lapses," and "decided that hereafter scholarship must be the chief thing on the campus."

"Thus highly resolved, Yale began to build.

"Its preoccupation with scholarship at the expense of athletics and social life was so great that it erected a vast football stadium and mapped out a residential plan of orgiastic luxury.

"Its fervor for a raising of academic standards was so compelling that it put millions of dollars into unwanted carvings, unsightly gewgaws, and preposterous tin pennants on the new library, while leaving faculty salaries at a minimum wage level.

"Its absorption with the highest ideals of learning was so complete that it allowed, for example, the Philosophy Department to continue without anything like an adequate staff, while it went into speculative real-estate purchases, and permitted the development of a private college golf course."

THE new "house plan," where men are to be divided into "cultural battalions of two hundred," comes under Mr. Hale's even more drastic criticism:

"Physical expansion is not the only means which Yale has chosen as a road to scholarship.

"The House Plan, now about to go into effect, involves a vast physical development, but it is more than that. It represents not so much the architectural as the social highway to learning.

"The Administration had long recognized that college classes were too large and in interests too diverse to achieve any sort of coherence or unity of spirit. Their theory was: if the social organization be changed, a mental renaissance will ensue.

"If men are grouped in dormitories by classes of six hundred, then their main interest lies in the roaring forties of New York, the bored young wives of Roslyn, and the sporting girls of Bridgeport. If men are grouped in 'Houses' by cultural battalions of two hundred, then all this nonsense will cease. All they need is a club-house, with a somewhat presentable member of the professoriat as head.

"The idea has an obviously attractive power; for who is not drawn to the prospect of concourse with friendly spirits in nearby residence; of closer meeting with a faculty that at present is all too Olympian; and of dalliance in Houses that will both breathe a hoary antiquity, and also glitter with the most modern of contrivances and the most euphonious of plumbing? But when the palatial conception is more closely examined, certain unlovely doubts arise.

"At a time when educators have discovered that the overabundance of social life in the American college has practically wrecked genuine scholastic interest, Yale launches a program whose purpose is to intensify social life, to decompose the class into solid cliques, and to elevate allegiance to those cliques into more or less of a holy passion.

"Fascinated by the prospect of a 'close association of congenial spirits,' the faculty heads do not see that an artificial selection of these spirits, and their artificial association in carefully delimited circles, is a questionable improvement.

"They fail to realize that developing such a high-power scheme of society will make actual independent scholarship even more rare, and certainly more difficult, than it now is.

"Intellectual endeavor is possible only when social restrictions are loose, and when obligations to a set coterie are at a minimum.

"The House Plan will primarily result in an increase of clubbing rivalry and narrow faction, where now in the happily disorganized Yale the serious student can follow his own interests, find his own companions in any random quarter, and enter into the common life to just the extent he chooses."

Upon this and similar passages, Mr. Eaton observes:

"All of which may or may not be true (personally we fear there is at least a bit of truth in it), but at any rate it is the voice of an undergraduate not afraid to speak up in the presence of his elders, and not unaware of what he thinks.

"As he is the person in the process of being educated, and hence for whom all the buildings are presumably erected, it is rather cheering to have him thus intelligently vocal. After all, he is the one most concerned.

"And it is pretty obvious, from this and other passages, that the undergraduate of to-day isn't greatly imprest by gifts of millions and by huge libraries and chapels. What he would much rather have is a larger number of inspiring teachers. He seems to feel it is easier to give a million dollars than a good lecture."

TURNING to Harvard, Mr. Eaton notices the "revolt" there also:

"Harvard is imminently threatened with a new chapel.

"This chapel, for which graduates have raised nearly a million dollars, is to be a memorial to the Harvard men who died in the Great War. Here is already at Harvard a huge, incredibly ugly and almost totally disused Memorial Hall for the Civil War dead.

"It is proposed to put the new chapel in the Yard, where the present chapel stands, across from the huge and ugly pile of the University Library. To balance the huge mass of the library, this chapel is to have a mammoth tower.

"When the news broke, an undergraduate wrote in *The Crimson* that two architectural wrongs didn't make a right, and that to balance the library with a huge tower was 'like trying to balance a hippopotamus with a giraffe.'

"And he went on, 'The Administration has long pursued the attitude of benevolent disregard of undergraduate opinion as well as of opinion of any sort. Its claim of paternal, royal or even divine omniscience may in many cases be justified. But in this instance it seems to the writer that the voice of the masses should at least make itself felt in protest.

"'This, in other words, is a call to arms. When, fifty years from now, the Memorial Chapel stands with the still unburnt Memorial Hall as a monument to uselessness, it should be known that the present college generation, at least, was in opposition.'

"The grounds for this opposition, which was wide-spread in the college, were partly architectural, partly a feeling that to put a million dollars into a memorial which would be visited by just about fifteen undergraduates a day (few if any more attend chapel now that it is not compulsory) was a wasteful sentimental gesture toward an outmoded past, and quite strongly a feeling that the war were better forgotten than perpetuated in a Christian church."

COLUMBIA'S sore spot is the threat to its athletic field which it is proposed to preempt as the site for the new library dowered by the Harkness millions. "The news wasn't sprung till the student paper had printed its last issue for the year," writes Mr. Eaton. "So written comment isn't available. It would certainly have indicated a hot revolt had there been a chance."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fallow Days in Literature

IF YOUNG WRITERS ARE FEELING DEPREST over the rejection of their literary wares, they might rather think themselves benefited by the situation, if they only saw it in another light.

This, at least, we derive from H. L. Mencken, who points out to them that they have a fine opportunity to work harder and perfect themselves.

Thus, their apparent hardship is a blessing in disguise.

There is at present a dearth of new and arresting authors, says Mr. Mencken, in an article copyrighted by the Associated Press.

"Workmanlike and interesting stuff" is being written, he admits, but—

"Certainly, no careful critic would allege that any of the novices of the last few years is as important as Dreiser and Norris were in 1900, or Miss Cather and Lindsay in 1913, or Frost and Hergesheimer in 1914, or Masters and Cabell in 1915, or Sandburg in 1915, or Sherwood Anderson in 1916.

"The years at the end of the century were very fruitful ones, and so were those that straddled the war. There was a stimulating and even thrilling air of experiment and innovation. Novelties of great interest were popping up on all sides, and new authors of extraordinary originality were numerous. But to-day we have only a general competence.

"Why there should be such rises and falls in literary productivity, I don't know, and neither does any one else. There are, of course, plenty of theories.

"One is to the effect that the best writing is always done during times of peace and plenty; another is that it is done when blood is on the moon.

"I could cite many other such doublets, each member extinguishing the other. All that can be said with any surety is that progress in letters, like any other kind of evolution, tends to go in waves.

"For ten years past no literary débutant of any real importance has appeared in the United States, but I know plenty of youngsters of large promise, and next month or next year one of them may turn out to be a new Dreiser."

IF one thinks himself a prodigy he may nourish a hope that he will be chosen, since Mr. Mencken affects a suspicion that "the chances of such a prodigy appearing to-morrow will be much better than they were last year." And—

"That is because we have just passed out of an era of wild overproduction in the publishing business.

"From the end of the depression of 1921 to the beginning of the present one the publishers of the country were so eager to print books that they took almost everything that fell into their hands.

"As a result it was fatally easy for newcomers to get into print, and many of them did so before they were ripe.

"Perhaps some potentially good ones were thus ruined; I don't know, but it is surely possible. To-day it is very much harder for a beginner to market his wares.

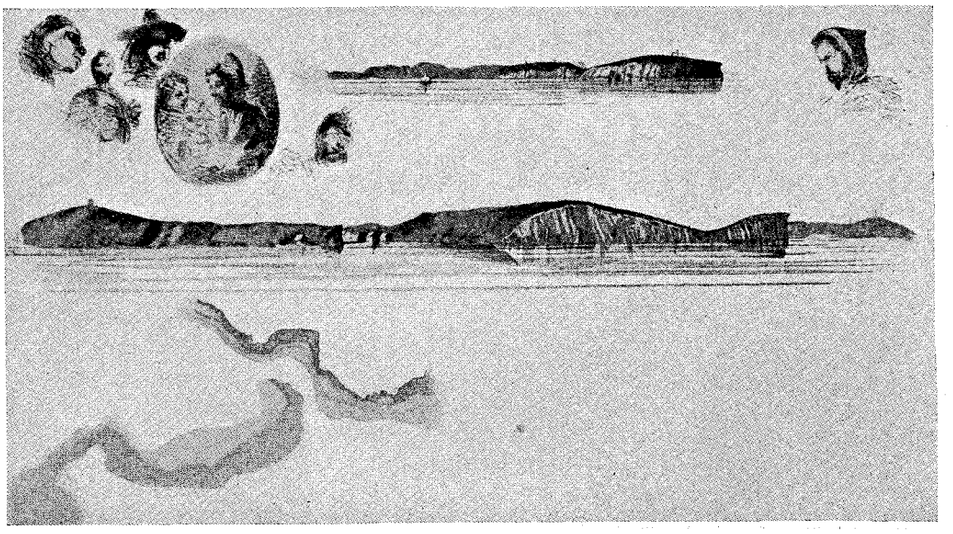
"I like to believe (or, at all events, to hope) that the fact will discourage half-baked work and encourage many youngsters really to learn their business. Hergesheimer wrote and rewrote for seven years before he published his first book. If it had been snapt up by a publisher in its first form there would have been no Hergesheimer.

"The multiplicity of magazines, and especially of bad ones, has also worked against good work. The wood-pulp fiction magazines need so much copy that they snap up almost anything that is literate, and in consequence they encourage shabby writing.

"Similarly, the cheap magazines of huge circulation, with their lavish honoraria, incite all the young authors to write what is safe and lovely—and trashy.

"The market for really serious stuff is curiously limited. Save from the so-called quality magazines, of which there are only four, and one or two of the more ambitious women's magazines, there is no demand for it. If a new Henry James appeared suddenly to-morrow he would have trouble placing his manuscripts.

"But the present depression is punishing the pulp magazines very severely, and not a few of these are dying. Nor is it dealing gently with the cheap magazines of large circulation.



Another Relief Device of Whistler

Was to draw caricatures on the edge of his plates for the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

"The more ambitious monthlies seem to be weathering the storm rather better. Perhaps they will have risen in importance, and maybe also in number, by the time it is over!

"At all events, there is some ground for hoping so. One *Atlantic Monthly*, tho its circulation has never gone beyond 150,000, has outlasted a thousand *True Affidavits* and *Stupendous Stories*."

The Cover

BUILDING a State-house in 1732 seems to have been something of a social function, if we are to take Mr. Ferris's word for it on the cover.

Gay young ladies and mature matrons do not now attend upon the uprearing of public buildings.

Mr. Ferris gives below a sketch of those concerned in the "Building of the Cradle of Liberty," that charming old colonial affair you may still see on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

We take it that the figure flanked by the ladies is the architect, instructing a workman, while in the background may be one of the unsuccessful designers. Perhaps the sitting figure symbolizes the other chewing the bitter bread of disappointment.

To turn to the artist's note:

"Andrew Hamilton, architect and builder of Independence Hall, came to this country from Scotland. His early life and paternity are doubtful.

"He changed his name from Trent to Hamilton, and tradition says that he killed a person of importance in a duel and was compelled to flee his native country. A member of the Maryland bar, he was admitted to Gray's Inn, London, and, after his establishment in Philadelphia, became a member of the Governor's Council and Attorney-General of the Province.

"Norris Lawrence, Andrew Hamilton, and Dr. John Kearsley were appointed as a committee for building the State-house. Differences of opinion as to site, etc., delayed construction for nearly three years, and Dr. Kearsley, who had been architect of

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christ Church and who, together with Hamilton, had submitted plans for the edifice, proved a serious obstructionist.

"The matter was finally settled in Hamilton's favor. Mr. Lawrence resigned with full confidence in Hamilton, and Dr. Kearsley retired in disgust and disappointment.

"Ground was broken for the building in 1732, the same year our Washington was born, and it was completed in 1753, the year he received his first military commission from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia.

"There were five coaches owned in Philadelphia at this date, one of which was Hamilton's, which marks him as a man of substance. I have shown it in the picture."

A Poet Guys Himself

"PRIZE POEMS CAN NEVER BE ORIGINAL; as a rule they are merely appreciations of the poetry that has been."

Thus Mr. E. B. Osborn introduces his reminiscences of an early effort of his own at winning the Newdigate Prize at Oxford.

He didn't succeed, and he sees in little better plight all but half-dozen or so of those who have succeeded, mentioning Edwin Arnold's "Belshazzar's Feast," Wilde's "Ravenna" "(nearest of all to vital poetry)," Boyer Nichols's "Inez de Castro," and Arthur Waugh's "Gordon's Last Voyage."

"No Newdigate," he says, "is to be found even in the biggest anthologies of English verse, and only a single line from this century's accumulation of prize poetry—Dean Burgon's description of Petra:

A rose-red city, half as old as Time—

has become a fairly familiar quotation."

Wherewith he turns on himself:

"My father, who was a ripe scholar and a fine heavyweight oarsman—far too heavy to fit into the light Oxford crews of his undergraduate days—won the Newdigate in the 'Fifties with an excellent exercise in blank verse on the curious theme: 'The Mosque rising in place of the Temple of Solomon.'

"It was an act of filial piety that I myself, tho just then more interested at the time in 'hooking' the ball at Rugby football and stroke-production at cricket, had a pot-shot at the Prize.

"In that period precosity was in fashion—waters could be 'wan,' and the hands of the beloved 'pale,' and love a 'sick burthen,' and trees 'mystic,' and always 'in the end it was not well.' In order to show we loved Nature as well as Art, however, competitors were expected to include a passage about birds and flowers—mine brought in cuckoos and fritillaries, white anemones and love-lorn Philomel.

"It was probably prettier than the similar poetical 'guff' in the sermon by George Ade's ambitious preacher which so pleased the cultured harness-maker by its masterly confutation of a non-existent philosopher.

"The Don's daughter, who was my exquisite Egeria that term, sometimes forgetting to release her pale hand when I held it too long and a little too fervently, much admired some of the descriptive passages. Such as the only one of which I can remember anything, which introduced:

. . . Arno, wide-bridged Arno, whose sun-sheen
Scatters like windtost golden hair between
The sombre lines of palace prison-walls;
Whose eyes are made when the swift darkness falls
An ebon mirror for the milk-white Moon.

"Doesn't that simply ache with artificiality? Yet my entry got a place, as they say on the race-course, tho it ought to have been disqualified for boring. If the set subject had been England v. Scotland at Blackheath, or a Test Match at Lord's, or a fist-fight 'up the River,' I might have won the Prize.

"Competitors for the Newdigate are always shrewdly chaffed. One of them was accused of sending in 3,000 lines, with a note advising the Judges to select the 300 best (that being the limit of length imposed).

"And when, a few years ago, an American Rhodes Scholar won the Prize with a meritorious effort of about 167 lines (I can't remember the exact number), he was said to have received the award for the 133 lines he had refrained from writing.

"Another American scholar, who told me he intended to compete, was a bit offended when I offered the following Introduction written in his own picturesque tongue:

When Old Man Homer, fust of ole-time sharps,
Ez earned their beans lambasting stand-up harps,
Was starting in to sing, he'd up and use
An interduction to some lady Muse.
And she, the purty piece, so neat and sweet,
Wearing no duds except, mebbe, a sheet,
Would slither down and sidle up and sit
Ez near to him ez he to her could git.
Yes, sir! When that old hobo chanced to nod,
The goddess kissed him like an orn'ry god!"

This year's Newdigate winner on the theme "Vanity Fair" is Michael Balkwill of Oriel College, as Mr. Osborn tells us in *The Morning Post* (London):

"The text of his poem might be: God made the country, man the city. In a profoundly philosophic passage he analyzes the 'corrupt intensity' of Vanity into two component evils, comparing them to the positive and negative elements of 'the unknowable essence of electricity.' Ugliness the active negation of Beauty, is the positive evil; the negative the passive denial of Truth, the choice of the easier way made by Peter when he said: 'I know not the Man.' Yet the pilgrim's path must pass through Vanity Fair, with all its rioting fantasy, else can he never know how wide and deep the gulf is between the false and the true ideals."

The Facts About Toscanini

SO MANY CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS of the Toscanini episode in Bologna have been printed that it seems wise to clear up the matter now that the master has been released from durance.

Not a few newspapers on this side were inclined to regard his refusal to play the Fascist anthem at his concert as an explosion of temperament.

The New York *Times* presents what it declares is "a complete and authentic account of what happened to Toscanini when he consented to conduct, without fee, a concert in Bologna in commemoration of the life of his friend and compatriot, Martucci":

"It was well known that Toscanini would refuse to play the Fascist national hymn, either before or as part of his program. So a trap was laid to punish the conductor for his obstinacy. What followed is familiar and need not be repeated."

BUT, perhaps, some have missed the report that the encounter took place in front of a theater where a concert was to be held. Toscanini was assaulted, and the concert was canceled. Later his passport was taken from him:

"After the fracas at the theater, Toscanini was spirited out of Bologna, conducted to his home, and made virtually a prisoner there.

"Italian officials near Mussolini, doubtless realizing the embarrassing position into which they had put themselves, attempted to extort from the conductor a statement apologetic to the Fascist Government.

"It was also intimated that, to get his passports back, Toscanini had only to say that he intended no offense toward the Fascists, tho from the beginning he had made every effort to avoid the political issue, and had consented to conduct only on the understanding that the occasion was to be purely musical and commemorative of the life and works of an Italian artist.

"In the end the authorities gave in."

Toscanini has been too independent to please the existing régime, comments *The Times:*

"It may be said that he might have been more tactful. But if he had, he would not have been Toscanini.

"The Fascists chose to forget that Toscanini played the Marcia Reale at the front, during the war, and received from the Italian Government the silver medal for valor in the zone of battle.

"They forget or do not know that Toscanini's espousal of the cause of Italian composers in America has caused him to be much criticized for giving them an excessive share of his programs.

"But the world does not forget, and there are millions of Italians who must remain silent and ashamed at this violation of a long and proud artistic tradition."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wailing Wall Compromise

A TEN-TON STONE-CRUSHER, it was suggested, would settle once and forever the problem of the Wailing Wall.

But if Jew and Moslem now accept in a spirit of good-will the decision of the commission appointed to settle the bitter dispute, there may be no more beard-pulling and blood-spilling on the ancient site.

Jews may continue to worship at the wall and weep over Israel's vanished glory, and Moslems may continue to venerate it as the spot where tradition says Mohammed tethered his steed on his way to heaven.

The historic wall is owned solely by the Moslems, under the decision of the special commission created by the British Government with the approval of the League of Nations Council; but Jews may have free access to the wall for devotional purposes at all times.

All political speeches and demonstrations are forbidden in the neighborhood of the wall, as the decision is summarized in press reports, and the Moslems are told not to annoy the Jews when they gather there for their devotions. Use of benches, carpets, and similar belongings is prohibited at the wall, and the Jews may not sound the Shofar, or ram's horn, in the vicinity. However, on their days of worship they are allowed to place near the wall an ark and scrolls of the Torah for their devotions. On the other hand, the Moslems are prohibited from engaging in the ritualistic dance, the "sikr," during the Jewish hours of lamentation and prayer.

International Newsreel photograph

The Ancient Wall, Sacred to Jew and Moslem

THE judgment is a compromise, it is generally agreed, and its issue depends on the cooperation of those chiefly involved. As the St. Joseph *News Press* points out, "there are uncompromising leaders on both sides whose reconciliation is not yet assumed with perfect confidence."

The commission, created in May, 1930, consists of Charles Barde, a Swiss; Eliel Loefgren, former Swedish Foreign Minister, and A. van Kempen, former Dutch Colonial official.

The wall, whose decaying stones have witnessed so much tragedy, is topographically a part of the Haram Esh Sherif, or enclosure of the Mosque of Omar, which, next to the holy places in Mekka and Medina, is the most sacred spot of the Mohammedans. It also forms part of the western exterior of the ancient Temple of Solomon, destroyed by the Babylonians, restored by Ezra and Nehemiah, torn down by Titus, and cherished by the Jews through all their tragic history.

The dispute over Moslem and Jewish rights at the site began in 1912, *The American Hebrew* (New York) reminds us, and it goes on to recite:

"From the time of the Moslem conquest of Jerusalem by Omar, in 637, down to 1912, no one even thought of questioning the Jews' privilege to gather at the wall, on certain occasions, for worship and lamentation.

"Indeed, Jews were wont to pilgrim to this spot for their devotions throughout all the centuries since Titus destroyed Jerusalem, in the year 70. St. Jerome, who made the Latin translation of the Bible, records, in the year 392, that 'the Jews had to pay a price' to the Roman guards for permission to lament at the wall, so that, as he quaintly adds, 'not even weeping is free to them.' The right was theirs, even if they had to pay their conquerors to exercise it, three centuries before Jerusalem became Moslem.

"Thus, then, by practise and tradition, Jews' rights at the Wailing Wall were conceded by Pagan, Christian, and Moslem for more than eighteen centuries. What happened in 1912?

"Thrilled by the Zionist hope of a rebuilt Palestine, Jews had been migrating to the Holy Land in considerable numbers. Arab political leaders became apprehensive, and Moslem religious leaders for the first time, that year, set up a claim that the wall was a Moslem holy place.

"The British Inquiry Commission, which investigated the 1929 Arab anti-Jewish riots, refers to this claim as the beginning of the 'Burak Campaign.' *Burak* was the name of Mohammed's steed. From a passage in the Koran dealing with the Holy Prophet's *mi' raj*, or ascension, the legend was created that, in the course of his celestial journey, Mohammed paused at the site of Solomon's Temple and tethered his steed at a spot identified as the Wailing Wall.

"The wall thus became Moslem holy ground, and is called by them 'The Burak.'"

AFTER the war, when the spirit of nationalism was manifested by both Jews and Arabs, the wall became a subject of contention that culminated in the anti-Jewish outbreaks of 1929, put down by the British Government after much spilling of blood.

To Western eyes the whole matter may seem to be a tempest in a teapot, but, as we have seen, the Wailing Wall has a large place in the religious life and traditions of both Moslems and Jews in Palestine. Under the decision of the impartial commission, the Jews retain their immemorial rights, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moslems lose nothing beyond that which they hold to be their rights.

"Peace between the two groups in Palestine," comments *The American Hebrew*, "can come through neither the sword nor the stone-crusher, but through that mutual understanding which will convince Moslem and Jew of their common cause: the economic and cultural rehabilitation of the Holy Land."

Moderate opinion of the Jewish world will be more or less satisfied with the decision of the commission, as it "recognizes in the large the traditional right of worship of our people undisturbed," says *The Canadian Jewish Chronicle* (Montreal). Vital Jewish interests in Palestine, believes this journal, "do not center on the holy places, and the Wailing Wall has already too long served to distract attention from more important issues."

But *The Jewish Exponent* (Philadelphia) asserts that world Jewry will receive the decision with "deep chagrin and keen sorrow." No spot, it says, "has become so inextricably woven into the very fabric of Jewish emotion and Jewish life as has the Wailing Wall and the small area adjoining it. . . . It is too early to predict how Palestinian Jewry will accept the conclusions reached by the Wailing Wall Commission."

Bible Study for New York School Pupils

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TEXT-BOOK is now to be opened for the instruction of high-school pupils in New York City.

They may at last receive credit for a knowledge of God as well as of Zeus, for a knowledge of the Bible as well as of the ancient mythologies.

In other words, religious instruction is to go hand in hand with secular instruction.

That is, if the plan is not upset by its opponents, who fear that school credit for learning the Ten Commandments may be a violation of the Constitution.

The arrangement represents the achievement of the Interfaith Committee of Greater New York. High-school students will receive Regents' credits in Bible study, the instruction to be given outside of school by teachers paid by churches of the various faiths, just as credit is given for work in other special courses given outside of school, such as music and art.

But the Teachers' Union, a small left-wing group, formally protests against giving such credits on the ground that it "constitutes a violation of the spirit of the principle of the separation of Church and State, if not of the letter itself."

On the other hand, the atheists want to participate in the privilege.

Writing to Dr. William J. O'Shea, Superintendent of Schools, the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, we read in *The Times*, assures him that, if they are permitted to participate, their instruction "will not be surpassed by that of any other group in the extent and accuracy of the information given," and that they will "teach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the Bible."

THE Interfaith Committee is composed of leaders in the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant faiths. Its plan, as outlined by the Rev. Walter M. Howlett, secretary, involves no new enactment of State law. Credit for instruction in the Bible has been given in various communities throughout the State for ten years or more. As he is quoted in *The Herald Tribune*, Mr. Howlett explains:

"For the last five years students attending Catholic high schools in New York City have been allowed credit following Regents' examinations in Bible and religion. The Interfaith Committee proposes to extend this privilege to the students of all faiths in the public high schools.

"The movement for high-school credits for Bible study has grown rapidly throughout the nation for the last fifteen years.

"Indiana has as high as 47 per cent. of its pupils in high school taking such courses.

"In 1925 nineteen States had given official sanction to the plan, and in ten more States the work was carried on without official sanction. In no State has there been an enactment against the plan.

"This plan does not violate the principle of the separation of Church and State.

"The instruction is given by teachers who are paid by the churches of the different faiths. The pupils attend only at times when they are free from school duties, therefore not involving the question of excuse from school.

"All expenses without exception are paid by the churches of the faiths concerned.

"No public funds whatever will be used.

"The Board of Education of the City of New York and the Regents of the State of New York are not concerned at all, except that the Regents of the State of New York have ruled that credit may be given toward high-school graduation for Bible study.

"The total is one point."

BUT some fear that this concession—if it may be called a concession—does violate the principle of separation of State and Church.

"The effort to have the public schools put pressure upon its pupils to engage in these courses by any means, direct or indirect," says former Magistrate Hyman J. Reit, President of the New York branch of the United Synagogue of America, "is subversive of the principle of separation of Church and State, which is one of the pillars on which this country is founded."

As he is quoted in *The Times*, Mr. Reit goes on:

"The United Synagogue of America believes there is vitality and virility in religion, and that its various forms, properly supported by their adherents, need no external force to enable them to stand and grow.

"Religion can live without any compulsion, direct or indirect, on the part of the State.

"The attempt to secure such help from the State is an implication of a belief in the inherent weakness of religion, which all truly religious people resent.

"The fine men and women of the Interfaith Committee would find more beautiful fruit as a result of their labors if they directed their energies to the strengthening of their respective religions from within."

But, carried on in the fashion proposed by the Interfaith Committee, points out *The Sun*, the instruction would have no connection with the public schools:

"True, the Board of Regents would give academic recognition to attendance at Bible classes; but it is also true that knowledge of what the Bible contains is one of the marks of an educated man.

"Even an agnostic values his acquaintance with the Gospel. Since it is out of the question for Bible study to be offered in public schools, where children of all faiths and no faith assemble, the plan of the Interfaith Committee would be worth trying."

EMPHASIZING that "no compulsion is put upon any high-school student to take such a course or to seek such a credit," *The Times* adds:

"It is a voluntary matter on the part of both pupil and parent.

"No public expense is involved, and no cooperation on the part of the public-school teachers is required.

"The standards of instruction are prescribed by the State Education Department, and the examinations are prepared under its direction.

"Protestant, Catholic, and Jew have united in the movement to acquaint the child with the book that has had more to do with the course of our civilization than any other.

"The State may not do this in its schools, and no one need fear that this is a step in that direction.

"It is rather a fresh and emphatic assurance that sectarianism will be kept out of the public schools."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Missionaries vs. Cholera Devils

SOME MISSIONARIES ARE "BONE-HEADS." That is, so far as social problems are concerned. But the proportion of bone-heads is far smaller than in any similar ecclesiastical group at home.

Some other fanciful ideas of the stay-at-homes are knocked on the head by Bishop Francis J. McConnell, who returned lately from a long stay in India. There the Bishop, who is president of the Federal Council of Churches, had a good many chances to observe what the missionary has to go through with—in addition to the criticism by the armchair group at home.

In particular, Bishop McConnell sees no rime or reason for a missionary trying to identify himself with the Indian way of living or to accommodate his religion to any or all of the religions in which the Asiatic peninsula abounds.

It doesn't follow that the missionary's health and strength in that trying climate would be improved if he were to wear Indian clothes and eat Indian food. And when it comes to fighting pestilence, the missionary's use of scientific measures of prevention and cure is very much more successful than beating drums to frighten away the cholera devils. Observation even shows that the critics very often don't practise what they preach. They may top off a talk on the virtue of fasting with a hearty meal.

Keystone photograph

"Bone-Heads" Among the Missionaries

Says Bishop Francis J. McConnell, are not so hard-headed as some of their critics who would have them adopt native ways. The Bishop is shown here with his wife and daughter.

THE missionary in India, writes Bishop McConnell in the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), has to contend with a lot of criticism to the effect that he does not identify himself with the people of India. The most strenuous criticism comes from Hindus and Parsees. But they are generally vague, and when one Hindu suggested that the Hindus would finance the missionaries if they would renounce Western aid, it meant simply that the Hindu "wished to praise the missionary and to rebuke the land from which the missionary came." Here is a story in point:

"One night a distinguished Parsee turned to me in a little group and called on me to go back to America and urge the sending of missionaries who would live among the poorest villagers, wearing their clothes and eating their food. Whereupon one of the best missionaries I met in India—an Englishwoman—became deeply distrest and reproached herself for what comforts she enjoyed—few enough, in all conscience.

"A little later she came to me, unable to reconcile herself to the life she was living after the noble utterances of the Parsee, who had declared the ideal of Jesus the finest in human thinking, and who had rebuked the missionaries for not accepting the poverty of the poorest.

"I replied that if the distrest woman was rebuked by the ideal itself I had nothing to say, but if she was reproached by the ideal because the rebuke had been uttered by that particular Parsee, not to take it too seriously. For the Parsee was a Parsee—a member of the most exclusive group in India. He had said that the ideal of Jesus was the noblest in human thinking—in which case it was as binding on him as on the missionaries.

"Was he going to the Indian villages? Not at all. "He was going home in an elegant auto-car, to the society of sons who had been given the best cultural training Europe could afford."

Criticism of the missionary, writes Bishop McConnell, comes too often from men of the type of this Parsee, and he says frankly:

"I got sick and tired of Hindus and Parsees and American tourists, and some ecclesiastics, not notable for self-denial, who were shocked at the alleged extravagance of missionaries.

"Missionaries are sent to foreign lands to work as effectively as they can to give the Indian a chance at the gospel. They have little enough of this world's goods, and they can best use what little they have in maintaining their total effectiveness.

"Wearing Indian clothes and eating Indian food are all right if they add to the efficiency of the missionary and all wrong if they lessen that efficiency.

"I have known of missionaries who have in time of bubonic plague gone down into stricken villages to help in the work of inoculation and general sanitation, and who have stopt the progress of plague along a given line as decisively as if they had stamped out a grass fire. If a missionary were called in to aid in such a task the best advice to give him would be to cease thinking about 'gestures' made through adopting Indian food and clothes and to eat and wear whatever would give him the largest volume of energy.

"The first truth to master about the gospel, anyhow, is that the gospel deals with essentials."

FOR the benefit of those who think that the missionary pays too much attention to instruction, and that it doesn't make much difference what one believes so long as one is sincere, Bishop McConnell wishes they could see what happens in India. A land of many religions, where religion is taken in all seriousness, he writes:

"India is an illustration of the disastrous working out into material consequences of false, or at least inadequate, religious beliefs sincerely held.

"So much has been said of the dire consequences of some forms of Christian belief that it would be a profitable change if a candidate for a Ph.D. degree would write a thesis on the economic consequences of the major non-Christian religions.

"I passed three days and nights in a town ravaged by cholera. All night long the people in the scourged quarters would beat drums and would shout to frighten off the cholera devils. In the same quarters missionary and other medical workers were fighting against the disease with different methods.

"Now the belief in demons is in India a religious conception. To change the conception would modify the religion. Does it make no difference whether the people in a cholera-stricken district hold one conception about the disease or the other? There is not an idea in India, apart from the distinctive political idea, which is not at bottom religious.

"The frightful waste involved in the preservation of sacred cows and in the regard for, if not worship of, various destructive forms of animal life, is beyond calculation. In India, religion touches life at every point. To discuss belief at all is to talk in terms of life.

". . . We should be careful, then, in our own presumably well-meant criticism of missionary activity, to make sure that we know what we are talking about."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

We can put aside thoughts of the pathetic fallacy in lines so suggestive as these in *The Yale Review* (New Haven):

POPLAR AND ELDERTREES

By Geoffrey Johnson

Poplar, upon your hilltop proud,
This is what comes of standing alone,
Aloof, away from the happy crowd:
"Your leaves are ever full of moan.
Night and day like a sensitive lyre
The strings of your heart are never still;
You wince at every human ill;
You are riddled with shafts of scarlet fire.
Edmund, the saintly fool, are you
For storms to rain their arrows through.
Frail silver stem of the cup of the sky,
You bear its burden until you die."

Smugly thus murmured the eldertrees,
Voluptuous-bosomed, grassed to their knees,
Drowsed in the valley's upholstered ease.
Hardly a ripple stirred from place
The bountiful breadth of their flowered lace.
But the poplar, wind-wrung, riddled with fire,
Caught their talk on his sensitive lyre,
And sighed back answer in noble tone:
"This also comes of standing alone—
It is to me, and not to the vale
Where sleep and poisonous dreams exhale,
It is to me the great ones come,
The lonely, when their hearts are dumb,
For courage in their martyrdom."

Mass production is overlauded in days when the human factor is forgotten. See *Scribner's* (July):

RIVETS

By N. S. Olds

My grandfather's hands were wise and hard
For he swung his adze in a Salem yard
And thumbed his planks and drove his nails
Till he learned his trade from strake to rails
And could dream a ship till he saw her whole
With royals set, and feel her roll
And lift her bows like a dripping blade
In the spacious swells of the India Trade.
. . . He's long been dead, and his ships are junk,
All rotting askew, or stripped or sunk.
But when they were loosed and took their slide
And squared away on the greasy tide,
He hitched up his belt, and "By God," said he,
"No sweeter ship has sailed the sea;
And she's all mine, yes, every inch,
From the spring of her heel to the swell of her
winch."
And he dusted his hands and wiped his face
And stood up his sledge in its proper place.
. . . And I swing here on a plank in a bight
Catching hot rivets from morning till night.
They've never told me who planned the craft
Or where they'll route the riveted raft:
Perhaps she'll do a tourist turn
And pack high hats with money to burn,
Or carry cargo of frozen meat
For the Argentine, or hides or wheat.
They don't tell me; but I hear the clang
Of the hammers going, and see the gang
Ahoisting beams like a skyscraper frame
And bolting them in, and always the same
And all day long. I do my stunt
Of rackety rack and buntity bunt.
It's got to be so, for it's part of the plan
But I wonder some if I'm really a man.
. . . She'll soon be done and I'll be through.
They'll give me my time when my time is due.
I s'pose I've done my share of the trick,
They treat me right, and I shouldn't kick.
So I'll shed my jeans and I'll count my pay
And call it the end of a perfect day.
But all I'll own of the old man's pride
Are rows of rivets along her side.

There is perhaps more humor than sadness in this from *The Lyric* (Roanoke, Va.), or the measure of each may depend on how you view the situation:

FAMILY AT MEAT

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

The mother, with outmoded grace,
Upholds the dogma of her place,
Far at the table's northern pole,
In snows of damask cool, to dole
Forth coffee, sponsoring a clear,
Dark flow. The urn is "Paul Revere,"
In lines of beauty like her soul. . . .

To left and right the children flank her,
The girl with charm with which to thank her
But with a spirit quick and rude
Chafed by the long meal's quietude
And gentle dullness, form and chatter,
The roast that smirks upon the platter,
Self-conscious in the way of food
Accustomed to be praised as good. . .
A bright rose, armored with a thorn,
Never, never will she be worn
As nosegay: she is harsh, though merry!

The boy and girl are port and sherry
To this most temperate board, a brew
That neither parent may eschew,
The lad's tongue spicing each fresh plate
With hot, new truths collegiate,
And holding all things in debate.

The father, author of their birth,
Small at the bottom of the earth,
With shoulder lifting many stones
Of care, appears a puny man
To these young, fierce and shining ones. . . .

The pudding proves "Victorian,"
And hand-in-glove with a confection
To which they grimace an objection
And scrape their chairs. . . . "Well, let them
go. . . ."
Their shadows chase them on the wall,
The girl's hair in the candle glow
Streams like a burning water-fall.
The father growls, "They're both too wise
For us. . . ." The mother rids her eyes
Of tears unfashionable now,
And ponders strange philosophies. . . .
The man sits staring at his thumbs,
Looking a trifle old somehow,
Quiet, among the friendly crumbs.

We judge by outward appearances, and need this reminder of a hidden soul furnished by *Poetry World* (New York):

A WASHERWOMAN

By Maude Ludington Cain

I used to see her, summer afternoons,
Stepping along the narrow, grassy plot,
Her arms piled deeply with crisp, snow-white
clothes,
And always pausing when she reached that spot
Between those two tall buildings first of all
Along this street to let their shadows fall.

Always she paused as if to rest; and so
I pictured her: bound to a wheel of years
That ran a groove of dull days, endlessly,
Coming to night with neither smiles nor tears,
Weary, but with no magic lifting dream
To make the moments aught but what they
seem.

One day I spoke: "I marvel how you choose
Always such perfect days . . . yet, when you
stay
To rest a moment there, I know you're glad
To see the end of one more washing-day."
"*I like*," she said, "*to look beyond the town . . .
And smell the dew . . . and watch the sun go
down.*"

In a new periodical, *Notes and Sketches* (New York), with "intentions vast but nebulous," but "essentially literary," we find some of the old favorites like Le Gallienne and Clinton Scollard; the latter contributes this:

A HARBOR ETCHING

By Clinton Scollard

The vault was a lowering pall,
Wan as the face of Despair,
And every shrill steam-siren's call
Was dulled by the heavy air.

Wherry and ferry droned,
And the gulls were like spectral things,
Swept from a void where Night was throned
With a whirr of ominous wings.

The water oozed like oil
Round the great grim piers and the slips,
And the rigging blurred to a tangled coil
On the silent, sea-bound ships.

And vague as a threat of doom,
Seeming to reel and sway,
Great granite piles out of the gloom
Weird in the pallid day.

Then sudden a little wind
Wavered out of the west;
It pierced the gray to the blue behind,
And rimpled the river's breast.

And a glimmering shaft of sun,
As the mists were tossed and swirled,
Gleamed and the eldritch dream was done,
And a splendor lay on the world.

In *The Morning American* (New York) Charlotte Becker conjures up a picture of homesickness:

THE OLD WAITER

By Charlotte Becker

Achilles, whom frequenting patrons seek
Because unto their needs he gives such care,
Stands listening with rapt, enchanted air
As, from his violin, a sad-eyed Greek
Draws a gay tune, that like a scarlet streak
Brightens for one brief space the dingy room,
Then "Git a move on!" angry voices boom,
And he pursues his task with "Pardons" meek.

He does not tell these minds that understand
Little beyond their sordid, daily wants
That he has been within a flower-stained land,
And seen once more his youth's far, sea-swept
haunts;
Nor could they guess he'd roved through Thessaly
Between their hors-d'œuvre and their savory!

A bit of present-day paganism in the London *Spectator:*

TO A BLACKBIRD

By Patrick Kavanagh

O pagan poet, you
And I are one
In this—we lose our god
At set of sun.

And we are kindred when
The hill-wind shakes
Sweet song like blossoms on
The calm green lakes.

We dream, while Earth's sad children
Go slowly by
Pleading for our conversion
With the Most High.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"Swim," Said the Doctors—and Johnny Swam

HE WAS A SICKLY LAD. The best of food failed to put flesh on his bones.

Savory Vienna schnitzel and other nourishing goodies in the hearty Austrian tradition of his family were of no use; his mother's best dishes were thrown away on him.

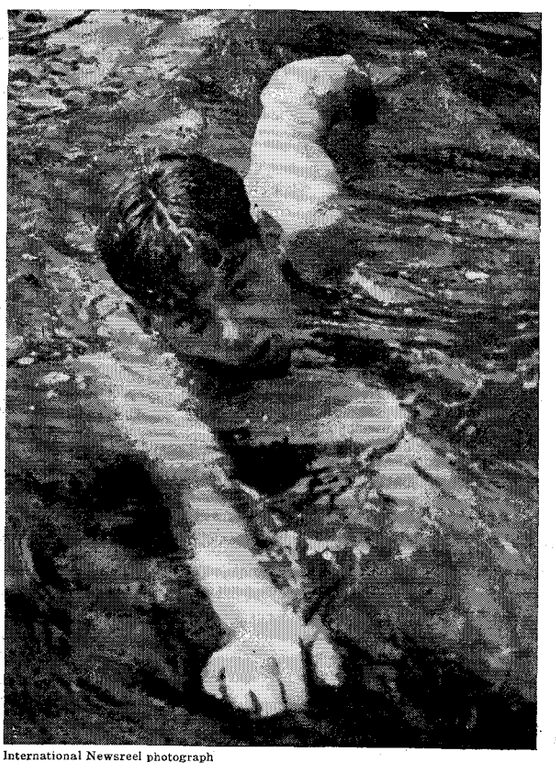
The taller he grew the more of a bean-pole he looked, and the less vitality seemed to be in him. His parents feared he would pine away.

Papa Weissmuller was a Chicago brew-master. He and his wife were both from Vienna, where boys are expected to show the benefits of home cooking.

When Johnny was eleven, the doctors saw only one hope for him—exercise. They agreed that swimming would be the best exercise of all for Johnny, as for almost everybody.

Johnny Weissmuller couldn't swim. Not yet! His father couldn't swim. Neither could his mother. None of his ancestors, as far as his parents knew, ever swam a stroke. Johnny himself had no "yen" for the water. He was almost as much afraid of it as he was of cod-liver oil.

But he wanted to grow into a stout, healthy boy, if that was really possible.



International Newsreel photograph

Oh, Yes! Johnny Found Health—and How!

So he took to the water—and embraced fame and fortune. As Steve Hannagan puts it in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, "Doctors sent an emaciated Chicago youngster swimming to stave off a withering illness, and he came out of the water the fastest swimmer in the world. He acquired a physique that is the envy of champions of all other sports.

"Outstanding swimmer of all time, he holds or has held every important record from 50 to 880 yards, and has retired from amateur competition to become a professional. More noteworthy, he has developed his body from a gangling stretch of skin and bones into a model for tailors and artists."

Writing under the title, "He Swam His Way to Health," Mr. Hannagan continues:

He has the build of a motion-picture casting-director's conception of the hero in the play.

Through the efforts of the B. V. D. Swim Club, he is now teaching others the lessons of swimming and training he learned in his long campaign from sickness to perfect health—from paddler to champion.

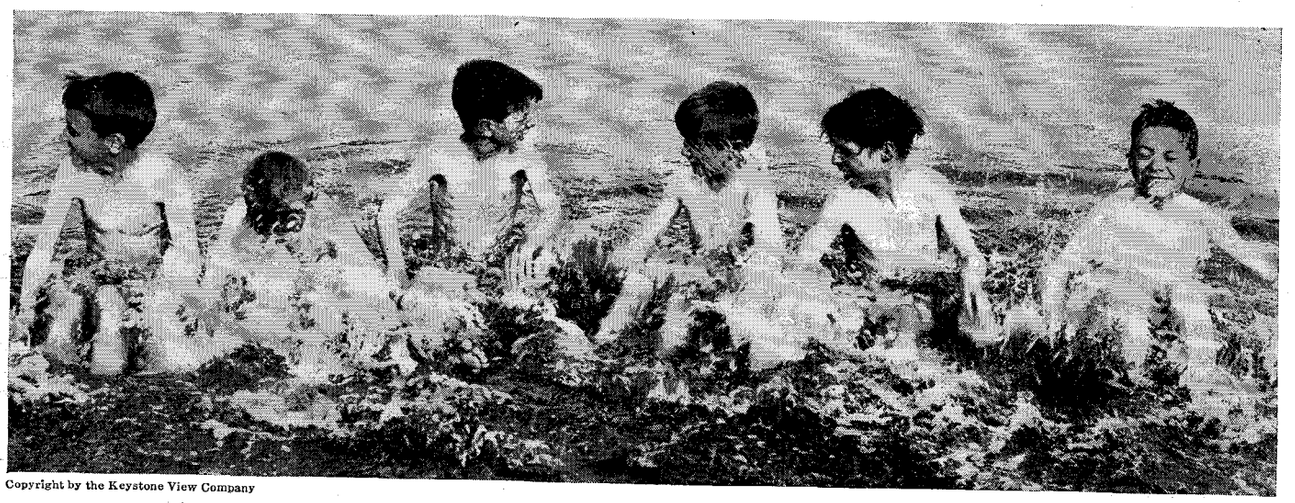
His first attempts were in the potholes of the Des Plaines River in Chicago. There he paddled, dog-fashion, in the muddy stream that meanders through the western edge of the city. Later he went to the cleaner waters of Lake Michigan.

Courage gained with the knowledge of a few strokes sent him to city pools on the northeast side of Chicago. Because swimming was a prescription and not a pleasure, Weissmuller sought for some diversion in the water. He found it in imitating the strokes of the faster swimmers he saw in the pool. He was a natural mimic.

In other words, he was like thousands of American boys splashing around beaches, rivers, lakes, and swimmin'-holes to-day. There is something timely in this intimate story of Johnny Weissmuller, not only because of the date on this number of The Digest, but also because the cult of swimming, for old and young, indoors and outdoors, seems to have captured the fancy of the country as never before.

Johnny's mimicry and his perseverance were not in vain, for Mr. Hannagan narrates:

Soon swimming scouts noticed the boy, but it was five years before he came under the eyes of William Bachrach, coach of the Illinois Athletic Club, and for years head coach of the



Copyright by the Keystone View Company

Any One of this Half-Dozen—Count 'em—May Become a Swimming Champion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States Olympic swimming teams. Bachrach was in search of a tall, lean type, built like a fish—a swimmer who could crawl over the water rapidly but relaxed.

The coach had been watching the best swimmers of the world for many a year. He had coordinated in his mind the best stroking features of all the swimmers. He was seeking a type to execute them.

That was when Weissmuller and Bachrach met.

"I'll never forget him that day," Weissmuller often has told me in his frequent story-trading moods. "Bachrach was drest in a tattered bath-robe. He was chewing a cigar, and his hands were perched on his spacious hips. He took a cool, unfriendly glance at me.

"'So you're the great swimmer I've been hearing about? You think you're good, eh? Well, let's see what you've got. Get into the pool and swim one hundred yards.'"

Weissmuller never before had swum in a pool more than twenty yards long. He was awed by the spacious club pool and the importance of the great coach before whom he was performing.

"But I was willing to try to swim five times my accustomed distance at top speed. As I look back now, my stroke was terrible. I plunged into the water and started to swim my head off. At the end of twenty-five yards—and seventy-five yards from my goal—I was completely exhausted. I was ashamed of myself.

"It was then I received my most important lesson—in swimming or in life. Bachrach told me to swim for form and not for speed. Throughout my career I swam for form. Speed came as a result of it."

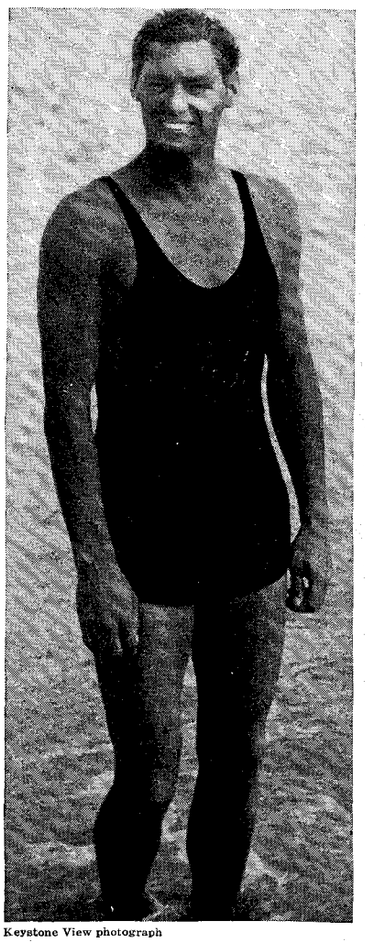
Weissmuller had the body Bachrach was seeking, but he wasn't sure his protégé had the courage and persistence.

"Son, would you like to be the world's champion swimmer?" Bachrach asked Weissmuller.

Johnny nodded his head in enthusiastic but frightened assent.

"Well, you'll have to do everything I say, without question, for a long, long time," counseled Bachrach. "You are terrible now. But because of your long, slender body, you have possibilities. I'll try if you will. And if you try hard enough, you'll be champion."

For more than a year no one ever saw Weissmuller in the pool—except Bachrach.



Keystone View photograph

Built for a Movie Hero

WHY this monastic seclusion? We get the explanation a little at a time. Thus:

Duke Kahanamoku, of Honolulu, was sprint champion. He swam with his head up so he could see where he was going. He developed an arch in his back and could plane over the water, but he swam too high for distance. He swam fast—but not for long. His kick was perfect.

So Weissmuller had to swim one hour each day with his arms holding a board—so that he could not use them—while he learned the perfect kick of the Duke.

Norman Ross, champion of the distances from 220 yards and up, swam low and rolled. He was thoroughly relaxed in his stroke, and could swim forever.

So for another hour each day Weissmuller found his feet encased in a rubber tube that floated his feet, while he copied the rolling, relaxed, arm-and-body stroke of Ross.

In pool swimming, where it is necessary for the swimmer to reverse many times during a race, the turn is important. Harry Hebner, world's tank champion, was perfect at this maneuver. He would swim up to the end of the pool and with the last stroke before he reached the wall, use his arm as a rudder to turn his feet for a quick kick-out under water. Weissmuller copied this.

Norman Ross also was noted for his perfect starts. He would throw himself into the water with one leg low. His leg would hit first, break the plunge, and his body would glide over the surface of the water. At the end of the glide his fast stroke and kick would be in motion. Weissmuller practised this start until it was perfect.

What result from this laborious practising of other men's perfections? Observe:

Within the year, Weissmuller swam with his head up, like the Duke; the arch in the back was not high enough to tire or retard him. He even improved the Duke's kicking motion. He had Ross's relaxed, rolling, body motion. He could start as fast as Ross and he could turn the ends of the pool as fast as Hebner. He was the coordinated medley of their best motions.

But the only competition he ever had had was a stop-watch, and the only gallery—the critical Bachrach.

Bachrach taught Weissmuller not only how, but why. Dozing beside the pool, apparently unnoticing as Weissmuller trudged along, Bachrach would suddenly come to life and shout, "What are you doing with your right arm?"

"Digging with it," Johnny would reply.

"Why?" Bachrach would blare.

"Because it gives me more power. I must put my hand in first to keep my shoulder up above water, so that the water will pass under my arm and not retard me."

Every other action of Weissmuller's swimming had to be explained at different times.

"It kept me constantly thinking about my form, so that I couldn't do it wrong if I tried," Weissmuller recalls.

Then came the day of Weissmuller's big chance—his first competition. It was in 1921, in the National Championship at Great Lakes Training Station, outside Chicago. The canny Bachrach had timed every swimmer in the meet. He knew Weissmuller could swim circles around them. He sat chuckling as they went to the starting line.

"Don't lose your head," he had just told Johnny. "Don't try to outswim them. You can swim faster than any of them. Let them pace you until you reach the three-quarters mark. Then you sprint. When you start out in front, the little man with the lead hammer will hit them on the head, and then watch them fall back."

The result was just as Bachrach had advertised. Overnight Weissmuller became the swimming sensation of the world and started his championship career, which continued until he retired undefeated.

STRATEGY and psychology are just as important in swimming as in other sports and in life, says Mr. Hannagan, continuing:

Shortly after becoming the swimming sensation, Weissmuller went to Honolulu to compete in the National Championships. There was only one swimmer Weissmuller feared. It was the famous Duke Kahanamoku, whose form was used, in part, in training Weissmuller. Bachrach realized the mental handicap, so when they arrived at the scene of the meet, he called on the Duke and told him of the prowess of the youngster.

"I'll give him a good trimming," countered the Duke.

"Yeah?" bantered Bachrach. "What's your record for the distance?"

The Duke told him.

"Well, to-morrow morning you come out with me and hold the watch on this lad's trial," blustered Bachrach.

Johnny never had seen the Duke, the scarecrow in his swimming fields, so he paid no attention to the dusky man who accompanied him and Bachrach to the morning practise.

Bachrach told the Duke to time the trial with his own watch.

Weissmuller flashed into the water and broke the Duke's existing record by three seconds. That night, the newspapers reported that the Duke was ill, which he was, indeed. Weissmuller won all the events.

"But I couldn't have beaten him that day in competition had I raced against him, knowing it was the Duke," Weissmuller now confesses. "I would have been scared to death of him. Later it would have been easier, because the championship and a reputation are valuable assets."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wild Game, Those Clay Birds, When Skeet Is the Sport

WATCH THE PRETTY BIRDIE!

Here it comes, soaring right at you! But don't duck!

Take careful aim with your gun.

Bang!

And another pigeon bites the dust—or, rather, turns to dust.

But don't call out the S. P. C. A.

These pigeons are made of clay, and are thus cousins of your own insensitive dinner-plates.

Clay-pigeon—or trap—shooting, in a word, but with a new name—skeet—and under a much more difficult technique.

A skeet-shooter fires from every conceivable angle, as he does in actual hunting, C. William Duncan explains in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine. In trap-shooting, "he gets mainly straightaway birds and slight quartering angles. The equipment in skeet is the same as used in trap-shooting, but there are two traps instead of one.

"Clay targets, by their swift flights from every possible angle, both singly and in pairs, provide a thrill equaled only by the speedy travel of winged game.

"Owing to the use of a high trap at one side of the field and a low trap at the other, shooters are offered targets which rise as from the ground, or that come sailing down.

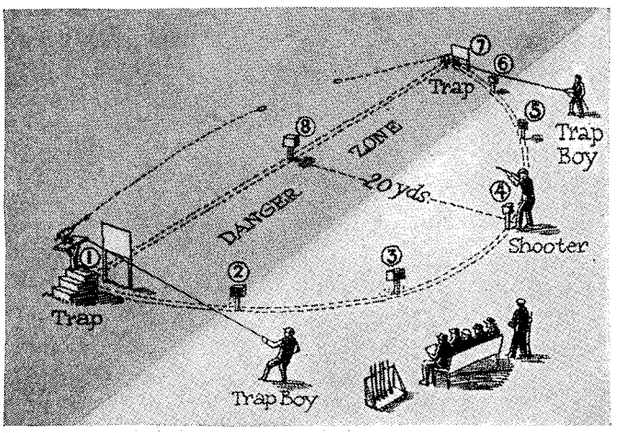


Diagram from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

The Skeet-Shooter Must Be Quick on the Trigger

"They get incoming and outgoing targets, high and low targets, singles, and pairs flying in opposite directions."

The skeet bug, infecting its "victims" with skeetitis, has attacked thousands, we are assured. And now those who have this malady "suffer" as violently as those who have "the golf bug, the race-track fever, the baseball germ, and other deadly maladies." So far, however, Mr. Duncan admits as he proceeds:

Skeetitis has not attacked as many persons as have the others, but it is growing rapidly, and we know not to what extent it will spread.

Wilmington, Delaware, is one of the cities where skeet-shooting is most popular. One Saturday morning there, I listened in vain for the chatter of the golf, tennis, or baseball fan, but heard instead the perpetual question:

"Are you going to the skeet-field this afternoon?"

Wilmington is, without doubt, skeet-minded, and proponents of the game there say there already are more than 600 recorded skeet-shooting organizations in this country, and probably as many more unrecorded.

So wide a choice of angles and elevations not only prevents any possibility that the sport may become monotonous, but also gives the shooter practise that will develop him into an expert field shot.

In rural communities, and even near large cities, there are usually tracts of waste land suitable for this sport. The skeet-field should measure about 250 by 500 yards. The shooting-field itself occupies only a small plot of ground, and if it is located on fairly clear land, the outlying area may be swamp, marsh, or water, where falling shot will do no damage to persons or property.

The program is divided into units of twenty-five shots, to be fired from the eight shooting-stations. Two singles shots are fired from each station, and in addition there are four sets of doubles.

To round out the twenty-five, each contestant has an optional shot that may be taken from any station he chooses, while he also selects the trap from which the target is to be thrown.

To start the program, both traps are loaded, and the first shooter steps to station Number 1. [See chart.] Placing one shell in his gun, he calls "Mark," and Number 1 trap is released.

This gives him a straightaway shot, so-called. The result—"dead" or "lost"—is announced by the referee, who should stand somewhere behind shooting position Number 4.

The scorer marks the record on the tally-sheet under the heading 1-R, indicating that the target flew to the right.

RELOADING his gun, "the shooter again calls 'Mark,' and the next clay 'bird' is released from number 7 trap." Then:

It is an "incomer," flying from the left, and the result is scored in the column marked 1-L.

The shooter then moves to station number 2 and shoots at a target from number 1 trap as it flies out at quarter. And his next chance is to break one from number 7 trap, a "quartering incomer."

The same procedure follows at each station in sequence until the singles program of sixteen shots is completed at number 8.

Next comes the doubles program, eight shots being taken in order from stations 1, 2, 6, and 7.

With two shells loaded in his gun, the shooter gives the signal, and both traps are sprung simultaneously, releasing two targets. One flies away from the gunner, the other comes toward him. He shoots first at the outgoing "bird" and then at the incomer, and it isn't easy to bring them both down.

Finally, to round out the twenty-five-target program, the shooter is given one optional shot. He may take it from any station he selects, and also choose the trap from which the target is thrown.

"The skeet-shooter uses his favorite shotgun rather than one of special type, because the ordinary gun is best adapted to breaking targets thrown as they are in skeet, and also because the gunner wants to improve his skill in the field or on the marsh," says J. H. Otterson, an authority on the sport. As we read on, Mr. Otterson is quoted thus by Mr. Duncan:

One rule of the game prohibits raising the gun to the shoulder until the "bird" has left the trap and is actually in the air. This is to develop the "quick-on-the-trigger" technique one must have when shooting game-birds.

The chief advantages of this sport are, first, that it offers a series of shots similar to those encountered in actual hunting; and, secondly, that the shooter may use the same gun to which he is accustomed in the field.

If the gun meets his requirements for hunting, it will serve equally well in bringing down skeet targets. Any gun bored so open that a clay target at twenty or twenty-five yards can get through the pattern is too open for ordinary use.

If a gun is too heavy and cumbersome to swing fast at skeet, it will show the same disadvantages in the field.

In this sport, the popular twenty-bore gun can compete on equal terms with the twelve. What the twenty lacks in pattern area it makes up in the quickness with which it may be handled.

The .410 is an interesting arm to try at skeet, but the shooter will find himself handicapped as he would be if he used it to shoot quail, grouse, or woodcock.

The ordinary close-bored duck gun will not be at its best in skeet, altho guns weighing up to eight pounds may be used by those who prefer them, in which case the use of "brush" or "spreader" shells is recommended.

UNDER skeet rules, Mr. Duncan interposes at this point, there are "no limitations as to loads," and the marksman "may use any odd-lots of ammunition on hand." Of course, he adds, "a clay target offers a somewhat smaller mark than a game-bird at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same distance." Thus, "small shot have an advantage in that they help to fill the pattern."

Now, coming to the subject of shots from various angles, Mr. Duncan returns to his interview with Mr. Otterson, whom he quotes thus directly in *The Public Ledger:*

Frequently we all miss the first target at the number 1 position by overshooting. This target starts directly overhead and descends rapidly in its entire flight. It should be seen well above the barrels before pulling the trigger, in order to place the shot load below and ahead of it.

Incoming targets from the high and low trap-houses at station number 8 seem most difficult for the novice who has not acquired the correct technique.

The Dangerous Sport of Rasslin' 'Gators

THE SLENDER FLORIDA NATIVE stands poised upon the end of the canoe.

Suddenly his sharp eyes spy something in the muddy water beneath.

He dives overboard and disappears.

Then there comes a sudden swirl of water, Grantland Rice tells us in *Collier's*, and Henry Coppinger, who must surely be the strangest wrestler in the world, emerges, with one hand gript upon an alligator's closed jaws. His other hand "is hooked around the alligator's body, under one of the short legs, as the big saurian is finally rolled over upon his back and brought to the canoe."

"College athletes," Mr. Rice continues, "have gone into wrestling, in a big way, Sonnenberg of Dartmouth, McMillen of Illinois, George of Michigan, Bruder of Northwestern, Savoldi of Notre Dame, and others are tugging away at terrible Turks, barbarous Bulgarians, and annihilating Armenians." But, he assures us:

Henry Coppinger of Miami, Florida, and the near-by Everglades, has been making a living for years by wrestling and subduing alligators weighing from 200 to 300 pounds, alligators that carry killing power at both ends—in their mighty jaws and in their crushing tails.

Coppinger not only wrestles and captures these alligators barehanded on dry land, or even in shallow swamps, he also follows them into deep water, where they are at home, and where they have every advantage.

As a boy, Coppinger observed tourist interest in 'gators, and began selling the baby saurians, and observed the habits of the breed. Then, we read:

He began to give wrestling exhibitions which astonished the big winter crowds looking for thrills.

The alligator is a deceptive creature. With those immense jaws, full of dangerous teeth, and that stretch of elastic tail he appears most formidable. But he seems to be lazy and slow-moving, and if you come upon him he will attempt to retreat.

When cornered, however, he becomes a deadly antagonist, showing remarkable speed, dexterity, and aggressiveness.

His huge jaws and his savage teeth form the first line of attack, and the long, scaly tail packs the wallop of six mules. A ten-foot alligator with his jaws tied up and his feet roped can still throw five or six men attempting to hold his tail, as if they were so many pigmies.

And, it might be noted, there is no such thing as a tame or a pet alligator. No matter how long one is kept in captivity, it carries the inherent savagery of millions of years in its heart.

Coppinger calculates to a minute degree every ability his opponent may have, the distance it can lunge, its leg-speed, and its capacity for deception.

When Coppinger first enters the pen the alligator usually will hide in the pool, but with two small, beady eyes upon the surface of the water, watching closely.

Coppinger, armed with a vaulting pole, then moves up closer. About two feet away he sticks the pole in the mud, leans upon it, and starts to turn his body slowly away, looking carefully over one shoulder.

Then, like some aquatic eruption, the alligator lunges from the water to the exact spot where Coppinger stood a half-second before. This is one method of sizing up an opponent's leap and also his disposition.

THE struggle of man and reptile under water or in the swampy mire is terrific, we are told as we peruse the account in *Collier's:*

Coppinger uses a combination wrist lock and scissors hold. The alligator goes in for a barrel roll, a twist, and a spin, getting amazing power from his muscular tail.

Recently Coppinger cornered a large alligator resting in the black mud where the water was only a foot or so deep. When his escape was cut off, the alligator turned like a flash and came at him, hissing like a huge serpent. But the alert young man finally feinted him out of position, snapt one hand upon the huge jaws, closing them tightly, and then took an arm lock and body scissors.

The war was on, the two throwing water and black muck five feet high as they wrestled all over the swamp. But Coppinger, outweighed 150 pounds, has never lost a match yet. He couldn't afford to lose even one, for there would never be a return match.

The Alligator Boy has one trick which astonishes both spectators and scientists. After conquering a big alligator he puts it to sleep with a few strokes along its broad, white stomach. Others have tried it with no success. This is one secret that Coppinger won't reveal.

The Excursion Boat of Dad's Day Is a Floating Cabaret Now

THE old-time moonlight, steamboat excursion has been magnified some fifty times and turned into "the gayest and giddiest game that the Manhattan playboys and playgirls have played in quite a while," Gilbert Swan reports in his New York column syndicated by Newspaper Enterprise Association.

And it's better for them than night-clubbing, he adds. Better and cheaper.

The old excursion boat, "fairly dripping with electric bulbs, used to take off for some spot up the river or out in the lake, and we'd all take our lunches and dance and flirt." But now, Mr. Swan continues:

It's the leviathans of the sea that go steaming out of Manhattan, racing to somewhere and back again on week-end cruises. Competition among the most famous ships upon the Atlantic grows steadily keener, and after a slump in European trade that caused more than a little concern, the various seagoing novelties have been a considerable business boon.

First came the "portless cruise." An ocean giant would set out in the general direction of some point of the compass and, without touching land, would turn around and come back, thus affording passengers a lot of sea air and a brief vacation.

More recently have come the week-end runs down to Bermuda and way islands. Such famous craft as the *Mauretania* arrive from Europe, undergo a snappy clean-up, and pull out the same night for a speed-cracking run. Meanwhile a supper night club has been rigged up for the gay boys—there is a cabaret; there are three or four dance bands and three or four dance spots; there are professional singers and professional dancers.

AND there are parties "as merry and gay as any of those described as belonging to 'the good old days,'" we are told as we read on:

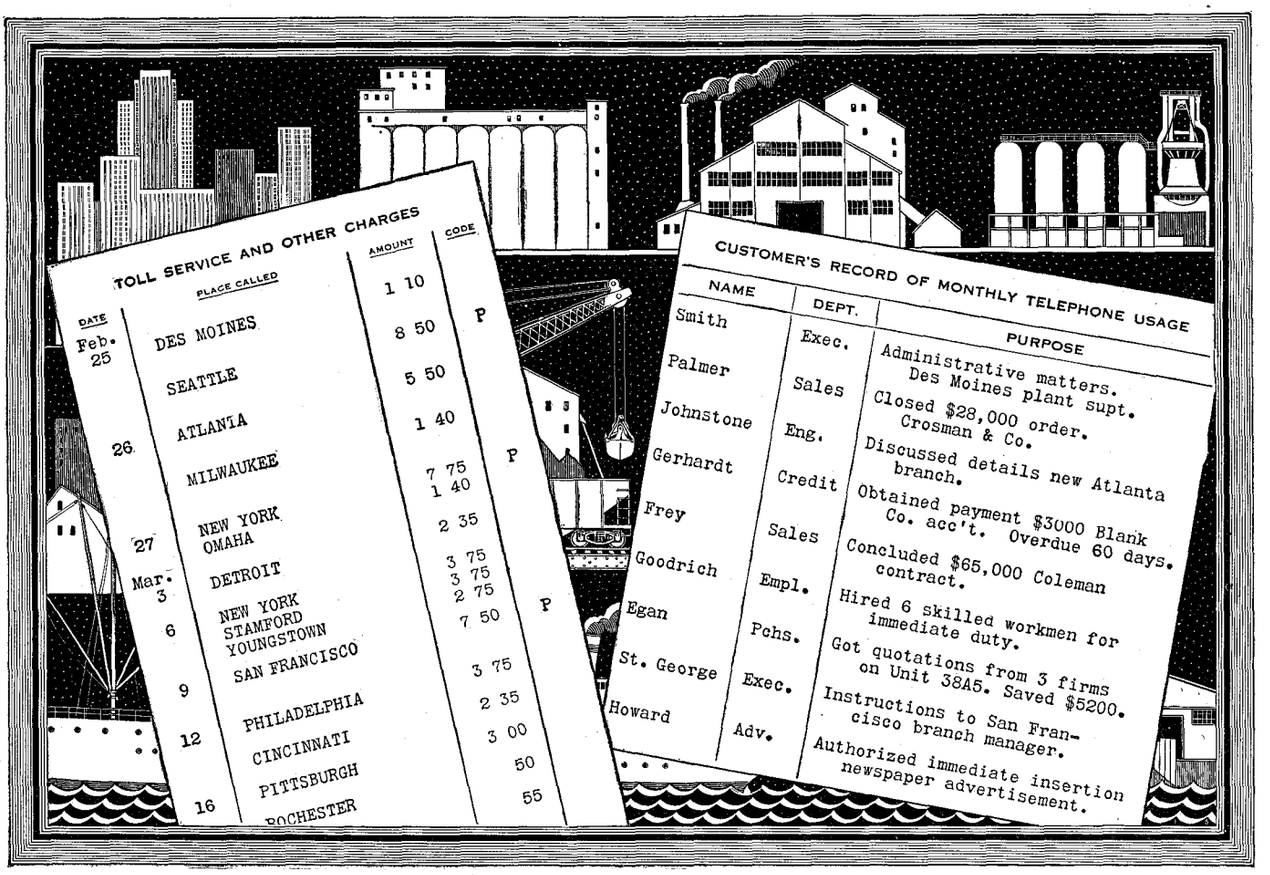
The effect of this competition upon the night spots of New York is said to be considerable. Most of the cabarets and supper clubs have been gasping hard through the winter. And a spender who would toss a hundred or more away in a single evening in a Broadway high spot, now finds he can pay his fare with this sum, and keep on going for two or three days.

Of course, I have heard of people who actually took trips of this sort for a rest or a bit of recreation; and many who are not in the least interested in the whoopee.

But for the bright-lighters, it's one grand and dizzy whirl from sailing to landing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Our LONG DISTANCE telephone bill is one of the best investments we make"


TOLL SERVICE AND OTHER CHARGES
DATE
PLACE CALLED
AMOUNT
CODE
Feb. 25 DES MOINES 1 10
SEATTLE 8 50 P
ATLANTA 5 50
26 MILWAUKEE 1 40
NEW YORK 7 75 P
27 OMAHA 1 40
DETROIT 2 35
Mar. 3 NEW YORK 3 75
6 STAMFORD 3 75
YOUNGSTOWN 2 75
SAN FRANCISCO 7 50 P
9 PHILADELPHIA 3 75
12 CINCINNATI 2 35
PITTSBURGH 3 00
16 ROCHESTER 50
55
CUSTOMER'S RECORD OF MONTHLY TELEPHONE USAGE
NAME
DEPT.
PURPOSE
Smith Exec. Administrative matters. Des Moines plant supt.
Palmer Sales Closed $28,000 order. Crosman & Co.
Johnstone Eng. Discussed details new Atlanta branch.
Gerhardt Credit Obtained payment $3000 Blank Co. acc't. Overdue 60 days.
Frey Sales Concluded $65,000 Coleman contract.
Goodrich Empl. Hired 6 skilled workmen for immediate duty.
Egan Pchs. Got quotations from 3 firms on Unit 38A5. Saved $5200.
St. George Exec. Instructions to San Francisco branch manager.
Howard Adv. Authorized immediate insertion newspaper advertisement.

THE TELEPHONE brings marked economy in the transaction of inter-city business. Saves valuable time for executives. Speeds production and deliveries. Straightens out misunderstandings. Simplifies operations.

A leading flour mill company uses Long Distance in all phases of its business. Executives at the home office direct branches and mills in various parts of the country chiefly by daily telephone calls. They maintain personal contact regularly with out-of-town customers by telephone. Speaking of the firm's Long Distance bill, an official says: "We think it is one of the best investments we make."

A textile company was in the market for goods of a certain kind. Prices quoted were not satisfactory. The purchasing agent telephoned three different cities. With the information gained, he saved his firm $6000 on one order.

A large Ohio specialty company, through its sales manager, closed a $45,000 deal during a three-minute telephone call to Kansas City. Cost of the call, $3.

Inter-city calls cost little, yield big. Typical station-to-station day rates: New York to Boston, $1. Pittsburgh to Indianapolis, $1.50. Seattle to Omaha, $5. Evening and night rates, still lower. Get things done by telephone . . . *Quick* . . . *Inexpensive* . . . *Resultful.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Spearing the Jaguar in His Jungle Haunts

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS of beautifully spotted, snarling feline ferocity shot through the air at the poised and waiting Brazilian Indian.

Quite as quickly, Alejandro Siemel writes in *The Sportsman* (Boston), the infuriated jaguar "was caught upon the Indian's spear, and the razor-edged blade disappeared through the spotted yellow-and-brown hide that covered its throat."

'Ware Heads if Pussy Decides to Come Down from the Tree

At first "it seemed that the hurtled impact would throw the Indian over, and that those lightning-like swipes of the beast's claws would tear him to pieces.

"The powerful jaguar, which weighed almost twice as much as its human combatant, jerked the Indian clear off his feet, time and again. It was for both of them a battle to the death."

Thus in a graphic account, Mr. Siemel tells of the dangerous sport of hunting the "king of the Brazilian jungles" with a spear. It is "hand-to-claw" combat, and plenty of it.

Mr. Siemel, a professional hunter in the South American jungles, writes out of personal experience of years of just such perils. Just now, we hear, he is acting as field-director of an expedition in the wilds of Matto Grosso, Brazil.

This particular battle which we are witnessing was a vicious duel, in which the combatants were about evenly matched. But at last, "with a strenuous lunge, the big cat was thrown over and the sharp spear point was forced even deeper into its chest." Then shortly, we are told:

The roaring and snarling died away, and the great spotted body became quiet. The spear's blade had pierced the fighter's heart.

With a savage yell that split the jungle air, the Indian announced to the world his latest triumph. The dogs leapt in on the dead animal, barking and biting.

And I, who had been standing spellbound a few yards away, suddenly realized that I was trembling from head to foot with excitement.

It was the first time that I had witnessed one of these hand-to-hand combats with a jaguar; and unconsciously I determined, then and there, that this was henceforth to be my adopted sport.

Since that day, during the years that I have served as a professional hunter in various parts of South America, I have killed, altogether, 107 jaguars, and I have experienced the unexcelled thrill of catching these leaping, snarling kings of the jungle upon the point of my spear or bayonet on seventeen different occasions.

And while I do not recommend it to sportsmen in general, I defy the whole world to produce a more exciting form of hunting.

By comparison, hunting the African lion with a high-powered rifle from a motor-car is child's play; and even the Bengal tiger, as a rule, is shot from the back of an elephant, where the hunter is in no great personal danger. Not that either of these sports lacks excitement. But for real thrill, there is nothing more exciting than a hand-to-hand combat with a full-grown jaguar.

If the jaguar takes up a tree, as he so often does, it is a simple matter to shoot him down.

That is not sport. It is murder for the sake of the hide he wears.

But if he stands off the dogs to give them a fight on the ground, it may be quite different. As a rule he will stop in high grass, thorn bushes, a cave, or some other inconvenient place where he is far more at home than either the dogs or his human hunter. To get a shot at him with your rifle, you may have to go as close as fifteen feet or less. He can reach you with one jump.

Then it is not merely a killing, but a fight. When he charges, he comes like a flash. You can not depend only upon your rifle, you must know how to handle the spear or *zagaya*. His chances are about as good as your own.

That is sport!

"You should not try to be a *zagayero* before you are certain that your nerves won't give way at the sight of an infuriated wildcat of 300 pounds, not more than three feet away from you and ready to tear you to pieces."

It sounds like good advice—this that Mr. Siemel offers us. It is "as serious a game as dueling," he adds, and "some one is pretty certain to get killed." Then he tells in *The Sportsman* the story of his first adventure in spearing a jaguar:

On a wonderful moonlight night my little houseboat *Aventureira* drifted quiety down-stream past the ever-changing silhouettes of the overhanging jungle.

Quite suddenly there was the roar of a jaguar not very far away. Beginning slow and low, it gradually increased in a resonant almost tremulous crescendo—then gradually died away. I recognized it as that of a big male calling for a female.

My favorite dog, Valente, got up from where he had been lying beside the cabin and came close to me. I knew exactly what Valente would have said to me if he had been capable of human speech:

"How about it? He's a big fellow. Let's go and get him."

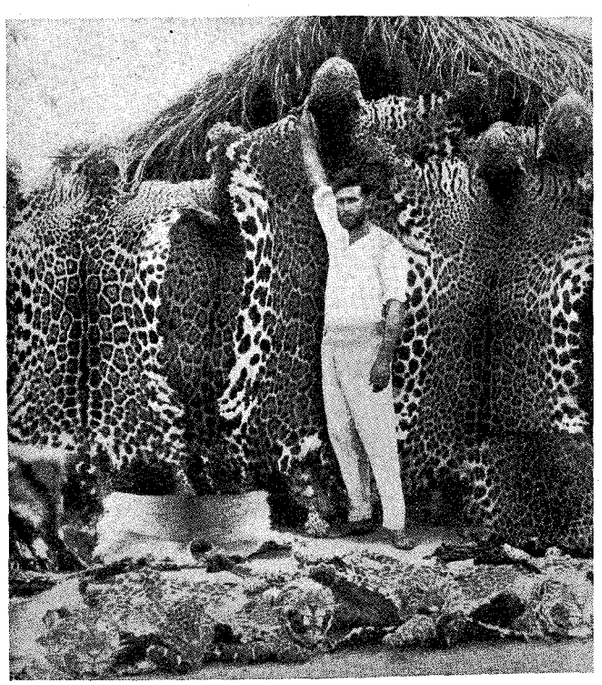
I brought pressure upon the oar, which guided the *Aventureira* into the bank. Its nose eased into a muddy bank, and I soon had it tied to the limb of a tree.

Valente and I understood each other perfectly. If I could have spoken in dog language, I would have said to him:

"Night is no time for jaguar hunting. I know you'd find him, all right, but go have a sleep for yourself, and we'll get the old fellow in the morning."

In the morning Mr. Siemel and Valente were early on the trail, thus:

I made my way as fast as I could in the general direction



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Sportsman* (Boston)

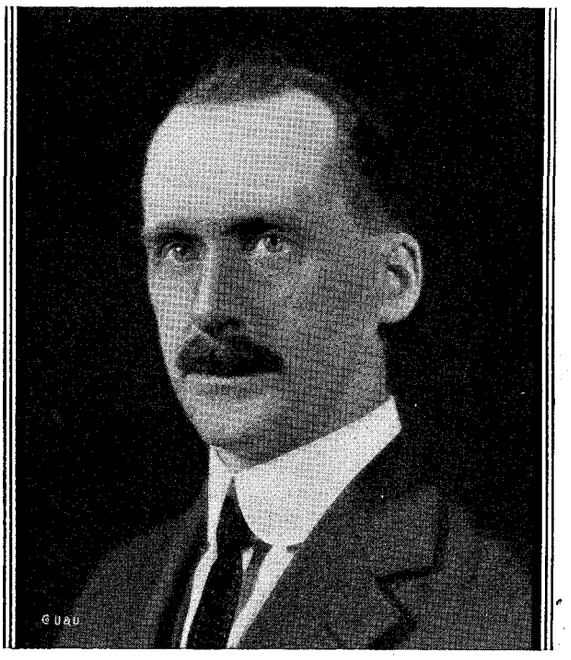
Ladies, Here's the Makin's for All the Fur Rugs and Coats Your Hearts Desire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leonard P. Ayres says:

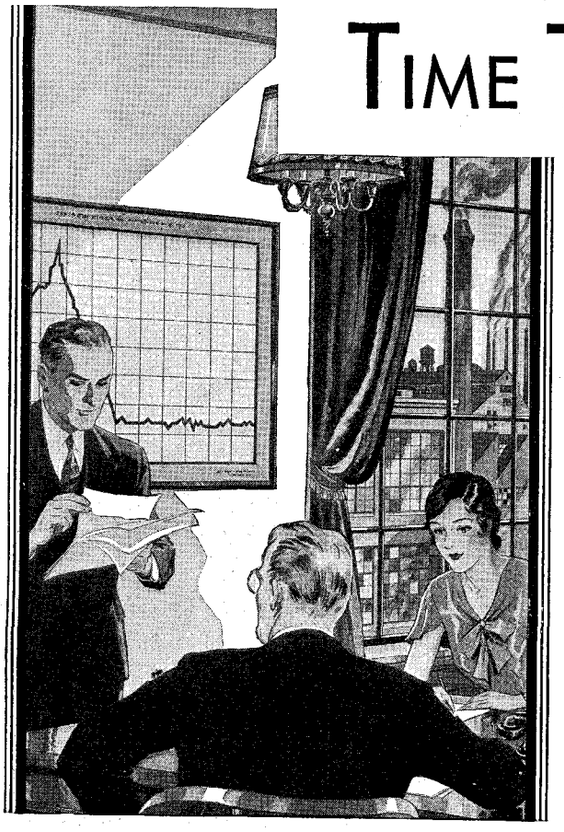
"There is good evidence that the bottom of the depression was reached in December and January, and now business is bumping along on an irregular bottom . . . but there is a real basis for hope that definite recovery may get under way after Labor Day."

WALL STREET JOURNAL MAY 28, 1931



COL. LEONARD P. AYRES
VICE-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY

TIME TO BUY—NOW



THE present low price of commodities and selective services offers today's buyer substantial savings. ● Wise industrials will take advantage of these low prices to purchase their future requirements of raw materials; to expand; to modernize. And for those who prefer to conserve their cash resources Commercial Credit service is available—allowing payment over an extended time period. ● Individuals, too, should profit by buying now. Present day prices of automobiles, boats, electrical appliances, refrigeration and many other high-unit-price commodities offer substantial savings; savings that cannot be expected upon the return of normal business conditions. ● Buy NOW—while prices are low! Insist on Commercial Credit service if it is not convenient to pay cash.

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS
Cash Capital and Surplus Over $50,000,000

HEADQUARTERS • BALTIMORE
Offices in all Principal Cities

WHEREVER YOU ARE ● WHATEVER YOU MAKE, SELL OR BUY ● INVESTIGATE COMMERCIAL CREDIT SERVICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where I had last heard the big jungle cat. I hoped that this jaguar would not be one of the running kind who had been hunted before and knew the wisdom of getting to some other part of the jungle as rapidly as possible. I hoped he would stand his ground to fight the dogs.

Within less than an hour I heard the welcome bark of Valente, which told me he had caught up to the king of the jungle and had him at bay.

As I approached fairly near to the scene of battle, I stopt for a moment to make sure that the blade of my spear was well fastened to its shaft, and touched the razor-sharp point appraisingly. Then on I went, every nerve and sense alert to catch the first possible glimpse of the beast.

Suddenly I emerged in a little open spot. Here I stopt for a moment. If only the jaguar could be induced out into this little clearing! But I well knew there was no chance for such luck.

I crossed to the opposite wall of thorn-bushes, vines, and tangled tree limbs. I could now hear the great cat's heavy breathing between the spasms of dog-barking and roaring. He was probably not more than twenty-five or thirty feet ahead.

I moved very slowly and cautiously now, stopping at nearly every step to try and catch some glimpse of the spotted beast. I clutched the shaft of my spear tightly, with hands that I am sure were trembling. That the jaguar was well aware of my presence, I was quite certain; and the climax of my adventure, I was also certain, was now only a matter of moments.

A SHARP snarl directly in front. Then Mr. Siemel quickly set himself.

The thorn-bushes bulged, and a big spotted head burst through upon the point of his spear. We read on:

At the same instant I pushed the shaft back with all the force I could muster. The jaguar let out a roar that fairly buzzed in my ear-drums, and his clawed paws fought the shaft and the brush like whirling propellers.

His powerful lunges jerked me about with such fury that in no time my hands and face were scratched and ripped by the briars, and I was repeatedly almost upset by the tangle around my legs. Instinctively I jerked out my spear and leapt back toward the little opening just behind me.

No sooner had I set myself on the clear ground than the jaguar came charging right after me.

One of my feet slipt as the big cat crashed onto my poised spear-point, and I went down on one knee. The force with which he struck carried him almost half-way around me, and I came very near to being twisted over backward.

But I managed to get to my feet, and with a desperate lunge I forced the jaguar over and pinned him firmly to the ground.

My blade had hit him squarely in the vital spot, and I forced it deeper and deeper into the clawing, struggling body. His eyes were green, and he fought like a demon.

But it was soon all over. The beast lay quiet. I pulled out the red-stained blade. The dogs rushed in to worry him. I was shaking like a leaf. But I yelled that same triumphant yell by which the naked savages proclaim the end of another successful conquest over the body of a slain enemy.

As a rule a man armed with a wooden-handled, seven-foot spear will win in conflict with the jaguar, powerful and agile tho the great cat be. So Mr. Siemel tells us as he comes to a bit of general discussion in his *Sportsman* article. We learn then:

I have won seventeen times. But I know of some good men of whom only the *zagaya* and a few fractured bones were left to tell the tale of a combat in which the jaguar was the victor. During a period of five years when I did practically nothing but hunt jaguars as a profession, I knew of two hunters being crippled and six who were killed.

As a rule the hunting is done with dogs. In Brazil, from twelve to twenty dogs generally constitute a hunting pack, tho I found that fewer dogs are lost when the pack is much smaller. My pack was seldom over four.

But the dogs only bring the animal to bay. It is then that your own sport and danger begin.

Illustration by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society

Peter's Tail Is a Convenient Prop

The Jerboa: A Pocket Kangaroo For Kitchenette Pet Lovers

GIRLIE SQUEALED IN PROTEST. She wanted to gnaw the linoleum under the kitchen range. She was deeply offended when her mistress said no and enforced the inhibition by pushing her away gently with a fly-swatter.

To show her displeasure, Ida Mellen writes in *Nature Magazine*, Girlie "flattened her long ears against her neck just as they are flattened during sleep, and ran about thus until I despaired lest she would carry them through life in such shockingly unbecoming fashion. The jerboa memory is short, however, and in half an hour the rabbit-like appendages stood erect as usual; but to avoid hurting her feelings again, it seemed best to bar her from the kitchen."

Girlie is a jerboa, one of those strange fascinating little creatures from Africa and Central Asia which have in their appearance a little of the rabbit, a little of the rat, a little of the squirrel, a little of the mouse, and a little of the dwarf kangaroo. From the size standpoint at least, they should make ideal pets in this day of small apartments.

SOMETIMES they are called jumping mice, sometimes desert rabbits, and the Arabs "are said to call them the *Damen Israel*—Lamb of Israel."

Ida Mellen, the writer in *Nature Magazine*, had long wanted a pair of jerboas for pets, and at last her desire was gratified. She received Peter and Pauline, the latter being a predecessor of Girlie. Describing the animal, she writes:

When the jerboa is stretched at full length, its body measures about six inches, and while the fore limbs are but an inch long, the hind limbs measure about six inches, and the tail nine inches.

The whiskers are more than half the length of the body, and the busy little nostrils can be closed to exclude sand while the animal is burrowing.

The ears are naked, and the hind limbs are likewise bare except for tufts of fur between the toes. The tail has a brush of dark brown and white at the tip. It serves as an extra leg which the animal flexes and on which it balances when in a sitting posture.

In color the soft fur is yellowish fawn above and creamy white beneath. Sometimes the jerboa runs with unbelievable speed on its powerful hind limbs, the tail then being carried straight out, slightly above the ground.

Its movements resemble the flight of a bird, and companies of jerboas, leaping over the sand of the deserts, are readily mistaken for flocks of small birds. At other times, the rhythmic hop makes the animal appear as if on stilts.

Like most tropical creatures, it suffers pitifully from humidity, and in the dripping heat of New York in summer leaves its nest and stretches out on the hay of the cage in such manifest misery as to arouse sorrow.

Often I have kept an electric fan running all night to ease the discomfort of my specimens; yet these peculiar desert-dwellers will run on the chilly floors of a room in which the temperature is fifty degrees Fahrenheit and evidence no discomfort, even tho the hind limbs and tail become very cold!

Their natural home in the deserts is on the outskirts of the oases, where warrens with many intricate galleries are burrowed in the stony soil. Their strong incisors can gnaw through certain kinds of stone, and the teeth are continually busy when there is anything to chew upon.

My jerboa, Peter, preferred pumice-stone, but his last mate, Girlie, likes cork better, and chews up yards of it, since the floor of the cage and the nest are always lined with cork tiling.

The jerboa is "curious by nature and very determined," we read. It "enjoys exploring new places. If a door standing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

30,000,000 men have waited for this news!

SHAVE *from Monday to Friday* WITH THE SAME BLADE !

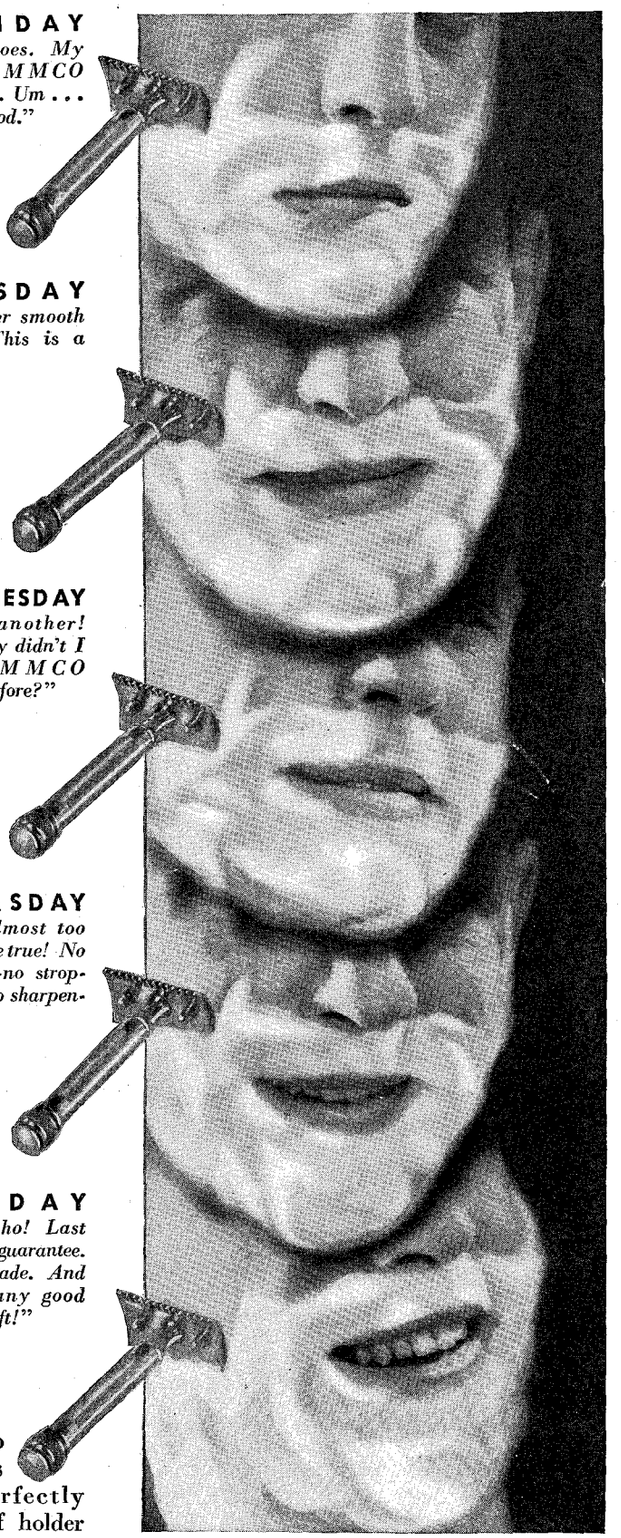
MONDAY
"Here goes. My first AMMCO shave . . . Um . . . pretty good."

TUESDAY
"Another smooth shave. This is a treat!"

WEDNESDAY
"Still another! Boy, why didn't I get AMMCO blades before?"

THURSDAY
"It's almost too good to be true! No honing—no stropping—no sharpening!"

FRIDAY
"What ho! Last day of guarantee. Some blade. And still many good shaves left!"



Ammco Blades fit perfectly type of holder shown in this photo.

Ammco blades are bonded by a $28,000,000 surety company to give 5 perfect shaves or your money back!

FRONT PAGE NEWS! "Temperamental" razor blades have skidded 'round their last chin! From now on—no more pampering blades as if they were prima donnas! No more growling into the mirror, "Why can't I get the kind of shave I want?" No more grumbling every morning, "I'm wasting too much money on blades." • From now on, it's Ammco!—the blade that whisks away the meanest whiskers smoothly, swiftly, for at least *five mornings in a row!* The blade that's wrapped in the bond of a $28,000,000 surety company, guaranteeing 20 shaves for a quarter or your money back.

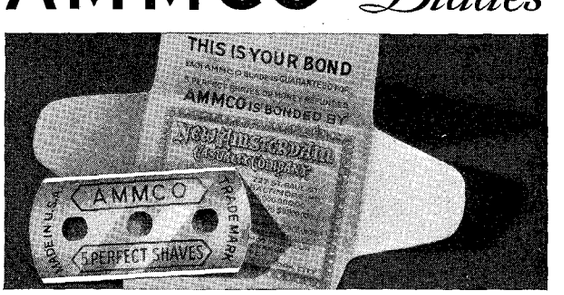
Ammco's amazing performance due to

TRIPLE FACTORY INSPECTION!

No wonder this blade never carries on like a temperamental star. No wonder millions of men buying through 50,000 stores in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia root for Ammco. It was tested in these great cities—and men found it doubled their satisfaction and cut their shaving bill in half. • Now *you* can have the same thrill! Now you can buy Ammco at independent stores in *your* town! Get your first pack tonight!

AMMCO, 150 W. 28th ST., NEW YORK CITY

AMMCO *Blades*



4 *for* 25¢

NOT FOR SALE IN CHAIN STORES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open leads into a closet or room not previously inspected, the little animal's curiosity is overpowering." Further:

If after running once about the new territory it is barred, it will leap up many times against the closed door, its *idée fixe* seeming to be that all obstacles are of height only, and may be surmounted. Altho so small, it can clear an obstruction two feet high. The maximum weight of the African jerboa is four and one-half ounces.

These animals never bite, but a temperamental one, if restrained too long, may give one's finger a soft, warning pinch. They seldom grow tame enough to come at call or otherwise, yet are so curious that if a person sits motionless on the floor they will hop all over him.

They never become social enough to sit contentedly in the hand, but may remain quietly on the shoulder, in which case the tail must be secured between the fingers, else the jerboa will drop to the ground or spring away through space.

They are easily captured by placing one hand under the fore limbs, the other under the hind limbs, and lifting them gently from the floor.

In the evening, this strictly nocturnal little animal's instincts differ remarkably from its instincts in the morning. Its concerns on waking up for the night are making its toilet, stretching its muscles, taking running exercises, meeting and touching noses with its fellows, during which an almost imperceptible cavy-like squeak is emitted, and, in the natural state, searching for seeds and grasses.

THE jerboa believes that exercise is necessary to good health, and his daily dozen make a wonderful sight. Thus:

After beginning its toilet, the jerboa lies on its side, extends the hind limbs first as far back as they will go, then, with a circular sweep, as far forward. Next it springs to its haunches and resumes cleaning its fur, turning so far backward as to reveal the creamy "shirt-front."

At night it will harm nothing. At the approach of day, however, its sole desire is to burrow and go to sleep, and no matter how hard it begs to be taken from the cage in the morning—begs by leaping up, sometimes simultaneously turning in a circle—our carpets, rugs, cushions, shawls, and couch-covers are not safe, for the jerboa considers them none too fine to be reduced to their original threads and carried under some piece of furniture for bedding. When marauding, its mouth conveys such huge bunches of the booty that it seems to sport bushy whiskers.

The ideal way, therefore, since jerboas can not live without abundance of exercise, is to permit them to run all night, if possible, and have them securely back in their cages ere day breaks.

Peter, one summer at the seashore, awoke every evening at eight o'clock to enjoy his run on the piazza, where he sat on his haunches before the screen door and sniffed the sea breezes with rare delight; but he was fast asleep by six in the morning.

The jerboa takes a few naps during the night, also a few meals during the day, for seed-eaters must eat frequently. When it sallies forth from the nest by day to eat, it does not unfold its ears or open its eyes, but moves sleepily toward the food dish, and having eaten, reenters the nest with a head-on plunge and sticks its long legs straight up in the air, as tho to say, "Now for another snooze before we eat again."

Jerboas have never been bred in captivity, tho the feat is probably not impossible. They never have been maintained under natural conditions, but only in wire or glass-and-wire cages with hay bedding, and usually in the city. It would be an interesting experiment to place some specimens in spacious quarters with grass and soil and sand; but the young males are inclined to be quarrelsome at night, attacking the old males, with whom they sleep huddled together peacefully enough by day.

It Isn't the Heat that Tells Us It's Hot—It's Mr. Insect

HAVE YOU A LITTLE LIVING THERMOMETER in your home?

We mean the cricket on the hearth, of course, for, believe it or not, you can tell the temperature by a cricket's chirp. Count the number of chirps in fourteen seconds, add forty, and there you are, J. Henryette Hallenbeck tells us in *Boys' Life*.

Insects, it is explained, are very sensitive to temperature changes, and the reaction of some species to heat and cold gives a good idea of the temperature.

The grasshopper is noisiest at 95 degrees, we read, and is "unable to chirp when the temperature falls below 62 degrees.

"He can not fly at a temperature below 45 degrees, and at 36 degrees or 37 degrees he is unable to jump.

"Whenever you hear a grasshopper, you know the temperature is at least 62 degrees or 63 degrees." Further:

Crickets are still more accurate. There are two species of crickets—the common house cricket and the white tree cricket—that are excellent thermometers. To calculate the temperature from the house cricket's tune, count the number of chirps he makes in fourteen seconds, and to that add forty, and you will have the temperature—that is, the temperature at the location of the cricket.

The number of chirps in the song of the white tree cricket and their relation to the temperature have been reduced to a mathematical formula by Professor Dolbear of Massachusetts. His formula was used for the white cricket on the Insect Thermometer [shown on this page], altho Dr. Robert Ede found that the formula gives temperatures about one degree too high. This cricket chirps four times per minute for every degree of temperature above 40 degrees.

The white tree cricket is a more useful thermometer than the house cricket, for, while each proclaims the temperature of the air around him, the former is out in the open while the latter usually is in some warm nook in the house where the temperature may be quite different from that out-of-doors.

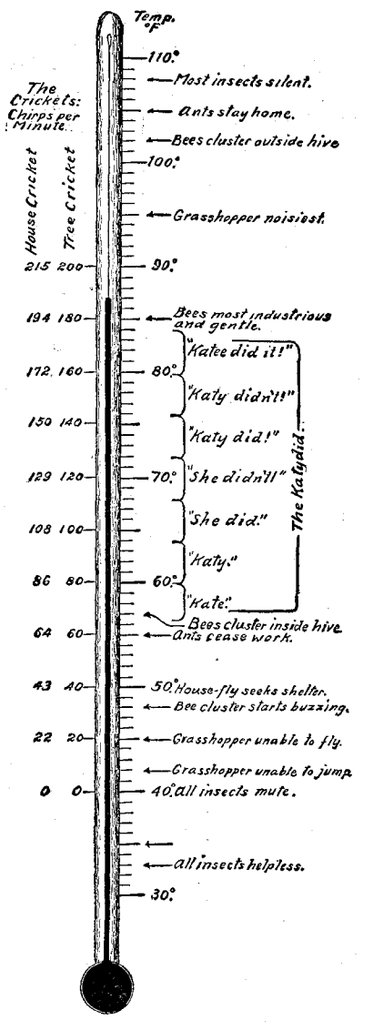


Illustration by courtesy of *Boys' Life*

The Thermometer of Chirps

THE katydid's night call is most emphatic above 80 degrees—"*Katee did it!*" And, we are told:

His cadence drops by approximately four-degree intervals from "Katee did it!" to "Katy didn't!", "Katy did!", "She didn't!", "She did," and "Katy," and, below 60 degrees, to a feeble "Kate."

The katydid's calls can better be represented thus: — — — —, — — — –, — — —, — — –, — –, – –, and –, the long dashes representing accented notes and the short dashes unaccented notes. The first call rarely is heard, for in the katydid season (late summer) the temperature usually is below 80 degrees by sunset.

The last two also seldom are heard, for most people are in bed asleep before the little fellow gets down to his last notes.

Honey-bees cluster outside their hive when the temperature reaches 102 degrees, Fahrenheit, and cluster compactly inside their hive when the temperature falls to 57 degrees. At 48 degrees, the clustered bees begin buzzing to generate heat. Eighty-five degrees is the best working temperature for bees; at this degree they also are very gentle, but at temperatures below 70 degrees they are very irritable and will attack man without provocation.

At 40 degrees all insects are silent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trailing the Marauding "Painter," the Ozarks' Bloody Huntsman

PADDING stealthily across the roof of the cabin, the panther sought an opening, while the sick woman on the bed inside listened in terror.

Pieces of clay began falling into the fireplace. The dreadful fact dawned upon her that "the animal was actually coming down the chimney."

The woman was sick and alone (save for children), but she was not helpless, for she had her own quick wit to save her in this emergency.

She leapt out of bed, ripped open the straw mattress, and began piling straw into the fireplace, Charles Wayman Hogue writes in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine.

Mr. Hogue writes with real emotion, for his own mother was the heroine of this adventure with a ferocious beast.

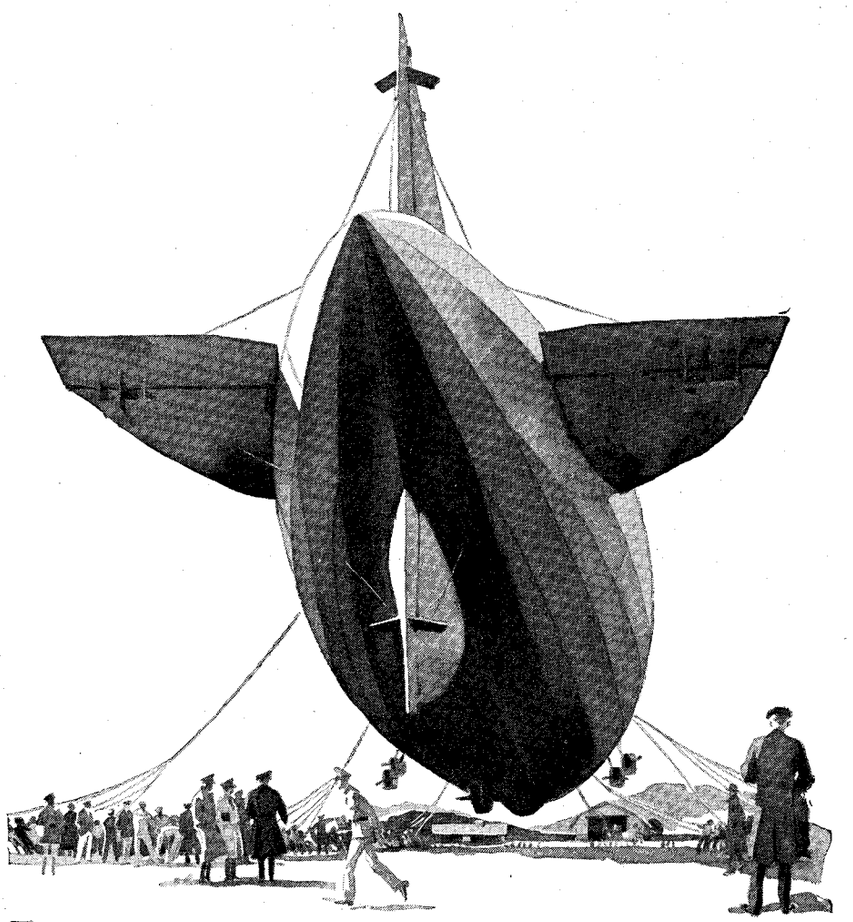
The embers "quickly ignited the straw, and the blaze shot up through the chimney," we read. "The varmint gave a fearful squeal, bounded out of the chimney onto the roof, and leapt to the ground. It did not return."

IN a word, "of all the varmints that roamed our Ozark Hills, back in the days when they were my home, the most feared and hated was the panther, or 'painter,' as he was and is still called," Mr. Hogue continues. "He is now fast disappearing, and in a generation or so his unearthly screech, so much like a woman in anguish, will be entirely silenced."

The Hogues had another narrow escape, many years later, thus:

> Lelia [the writer's sister] was coming to visit us with her small baby. Her husband was away on a trip, and my father brought Lelia over to our house. They were driving through the woods, along about sundown, when they heard a scream. It sounded to Lelia like a woman in terror.
>
> "Pa, what was that?" she asked.
>
> My father made no reply, but whipt up his horses. A few minutes later there came the same hideous cry. Again my father's only response to sister's question was to lash the horses still harder. There was silence for a time, and then the noise was heard again, this time much louder and closer.
>
> "Pa, tell me, what *was* that?" demanded my sister.
>
> He did not answer; his thoughts were on the speed of the horses. In a few minutes they had gained an open space to which my father had been hastening. He turned to Lelia.
>
> "That was a painter," he said.
>
> A light snow had fallen that day, so, the next morning, my father and two other men started out in an effort to track the painter to its lair. They made little headway, however; it seemed that the beast had been all over the country.
>
> In describing a circle they struck the tracks that probably led to its den, but in following these the bluffs became so precipitous that the tracks were lost. They had been out almost all day, and had wandered a good ways from home. On their return they ran across their own tracks of

THE VAST MAJORITY DEMANDS GILLETTE



IN BOSTON OR BERLIN

It's Gillette!

MEN of meticulous Boston and precise Berlin—exacting in their demands and shrewd in judgment—prefer the Gillette blade for its unparalleled shaving performance. Supreme quality has won for this blade more than a hundred million users. Gillette's world-wide leadership is the just reward of 29 years of precision manufacture and constant improvement of finished product. Superb workmanship makes this blade amazingly keen and smooth. You voice the preference of the vast majority everywhere when you demand Gillette.

Gillette

RAZORS—Gillette—BLADES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the morning, and were surprized to find fresh painter tracks following theirs. The painter had been tracking them while they were trailing him.

MR. HOGUE recalls clearly and describes thus his first sight of a live panther:

One day, when I was about ten years old, I had been over the mountain, visiting the Stanley boys.

On my way home, at about sundown, I saw something coming through the woods toward me. From a distance, it resembled a large, gangling dog. It was of a brownish-yellow color, and had a long tail and a head shaped like that of a cat. Fearful, I stood with my eyes riveted on the beast, for I knew it was a painter. But before it reached me it sprang up a tree, climbing as a man would, but with greater speed and agility.

As I turned to run back down the mountain, I heard some dogs barking. In a minute a pack of hounds came into sight, with five men following on horseback. I told them what I had seen, and they soon located and killed the animal.

The men took me home, and after supper they sat around the fireplace with my parents and talked for several hours while we children listened.

"Oncet, up on Wild Cat Slough," said Dee Sparks, "the people war at meetin' an' a painter war hid under a bench, an' when they all knelt down to pray, the painter grabbed a baby outen a woman's arms an' run out the door, an' they never did ketch it nor find the baby."

"Old Cross-Eye Larkin," said Henry Tanner, "say when he war a boy a-ridin' along one day a painter jumped outen a tree an' missed him an' lit on the hoss's back jist behine the saddle, an' hit scared the hoss an' it run jist lak a streak uv greased lightenin', an' fer a mile they went with the painter a-settin' up behine ole Cross-Eye, and the hoss a-goin' lak hell a-beatin' tanbark tull they got to a field an' the painter jumped off."

For several hours I listened to the terrible deeds of the painter and the narrow escapes of our neighbors until I was as badly frightened as if I had been listening to as many ghost stories.

However, the painter was no phantom. Too often it had furnished physical evidence of its existence.

My first direct experience with a painter was when I was about eighteen years old. One morning I was making the rounds of our beaver traps, several of which we had set on the creek. As I went along the water's edge, I came to a bend. We had no traps in the bend, and I decided to go across to a point where there was a trap, thereby saving time.

To do this I had to go through a canebrake, where the cane was tall and thick. I was following a kind of cow trail when I came to a log lying across the path. A freshly killed rabbit lay beside the log.

This aroused my curiosity, and I stood for a few minutes turning the rabbit over, wondering what could have killed it.

I shouldered my gun and was about to start away when I saw two eyes peering at me over the forks of the log, only fifteen feet from where I stood. The first thing that came to my mind was that it was a wolf. My gun was a muzzle-loading rifle, and shot but once. I could not see the animal's head—only the two eyes staring at me. Whatever it was, I decided to kill it.

Without any fear, I aimed between the eyes. The mountain boy is taught from childhood to shoot straight, and with the instinct bred in me I reloaded my gun before leaving my tracks. I walked up to the forks of the log and saw that my aim had been true. I had killed the beast.

When I saw it was a large painter, I became badly frightened, and hastened out of the canebrakes and to the house, where I got my father to go back with me. We skinned the painter and tacked the skin on the side of the barn, and for a long while after I had a glorious time telling visitors of my encounter.

ORDINARILY, we read, "the strongest man, unarmed, is no match for a painter." However, Mr. Hogue knew of one case "where a man did kill a painter single-handed and unarmed." It was like this:

Jim Robinson, who lived near us, was a physical giant. He was coming home from "setting up" with a sick person, one night, and as he was passing through a secluded place where the undergrowth was heavy on both sides of the road, something suddenly sprang upon him from the bushes.

He thought it was a large dog, but Robinson scarcely had time to think at all. Instinctively, he threw out his hands and seized the thing by the throat. Beast and man fell to the ground, with Robinson on top. He knew it was a fight to the death, but he did not dare release one hand long enough to get his knife from his pocket.

With all his strength he gript the beast's throat until he was sure it was dead.

Not until then did he actually see that it was a painter. Robinson came on to our house with his hands and arms badly scratched; but his wounds soon healed.

Hunters say that the painter usually kills its victim the instant it pounces on it. Robinson's victory was purely accidental.

I have often heard my mother relate the following incident which occurred among neighbors of ours. One day a woman went berry-picking in a blackberry patch, taking her two children with her, one a year-old baby, the other a boy of three.

Spreading an old quilt in the shade, she left the children there, and started gathering the berries.

Some time later, the boy ran to her and said, "Maw, they's a big old yaller dog over there, an' I'm afeared."

The mother told the boy that a dog was nothing to be afraid of, and to go back and mind the baby.

Half an hour later she came back to her children—just in time to see a full-grown panther disappear into the bushes.

This was the "big old yaller dog" of which her boy was "afeared."

A Monkey's Many Visits by the Clothes-Lines of New York

A RING-TAIL MONKEY WITH WANDERLUST took the clothes-line route to fame one evening not long ago in New York; and the resulting commotion in the neighborhood of the pet shop from which he escaped shows how Nordics get all worked up over what would be a commonplace in the southern hemisphere. The monkey, according to the New York *Herald Tribune's* report of his shines, "cavorted around the neighborhood for two hours, to the high amusement of 300 youngsters, to the consternation of several adults whose apartments were entered by way of clothes-lines strung from the windows, and to the embarrassment of policemen who required more than 100 minutes to capture him."

And the disturbance was not brought to an end before the honor of the entire police department was challenged.

Winfield Simm, who is in charge of the pet shop, while strolling among the kennels, "remarked that the monkey had left its usual abode. Mr. Simm had been sunning himself near the front door, and had not seen the monkey pass through that portal." So, we are told as we read on:

Using that reasoning power which distinguishes man from monkey, he reached the conclusion that the ring-tail tenant had made its exit through the rear door. Mr. Simm went there and found it open.

Looking upward, he observed the monkey moving rapidly, hand over hand, along one of the many clothes-lines swung across the courtyard from the rear of apartments.

Swinging along past a pair of blue-and-orange pajamas, past an old-fashioned white nightgown, past a pair of long-legged masculine union suits, past three shirts and a pair of bloomers, the monkey made its way to a window, and walked in.

Some one screamed, and in a moment the monkey came out again, and the window was closed.

It made its way down a fire-escape and into another apartment.

There were more screams, and the tenants hurried down to the street.

Presently the monkey, two and a half feet tall, was out in the courtyard again, using a clothes-line as the shortest distance between two apartments.

By now the news of its peregrinations had been noised about the neighborhood. People were telephoning the police; other people were slamming down the windows of their apartments; some, particularly the youngsters, were climbing to the roofs to watch the monkey-shines.

BY the time the tenth or twelfth telephone call had reached his desk, we learn, Police-Lieut. Arthur Goldstein, of the Fifth Street station, "decided he had better organize an expeditionary force to capture the monkey and becalm the neighborhood. Six bluecoats went out to reconnoiter the terrain." Continuing:

First they entered an apartment where the monkey was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enjoying itself by hopping from floor to chair to table, but it dodged them, slipt out a window, and swung across the courtyard on a clothes-line which was not sufficiently strong to permit even the lightest of the six policemen to give chase.

Once or twice the monkey turned around and grinned. Then it went into the window of another apartment.

It so happened that this was the apartment occupied by one of New York's finest —Detective Dominick Pape. The honor of the force was at stake.

Detective Pape was not at home. Through his window the baffled bluecoats could see the monkey upsetting a lamp and tearing the table-cloth off Detective Pape's table.

The police went down-stairs, and there, on the stoop, sat Mrs. Pape. She gave them the key to the apartment.

The police went in and found the monkey in the bedroom, pulling the sheet off Detective Pape's bed.

The monkey resisted capture, so one of the policemen used a night-stick just sufficiently to bowl over the ring-tailed intruder.

Mr. Simm came up-stairs, and carried him back to the pet shop, and the housewives of the neighborhood went back to their kitchens and began cooking dinner.

A Family Jar in the Bird-Cage

DORIS kicked her husband, and a lady who kicks her husband, in the opinion of a writer in the London *Daily Express*, isn't very nice. Doris, to explain matters, is a secretary-bird in the London Zoo. She is married, we read, "to Harold, a poor admiring, adoring idiot of a husband, affectionate, yielding. Nothing of the he-man about Harold."

Are all women secretaries' husbands like Harold? wonders the writer playfully, as he proceeds:

If Harold ever had a grain of pluck, it was stamped out of him when he married Doris. Oh, she is the finer bird of the two—all female birds of prey are heftier than their husbands. They grow bigger and bulkier, and take out-sizes in feather pajamas.

Doris is frightfully made up, too, about the cheeks—gamboge, not rouge, believe me—and she wears her pens stuck in her head more jauntily.

Yet, wait.

When it comes to killing snakes, the chief secretarial job of the secretary-bird, Doris lets Harold take his share. He stamps, and she stamps, and when the snake is dead, or nearly so, she relieves him of any further duty by eating it!

An egg was placed in the pen. Both secretaries spotted it.

An egg is a secretary's luxury. It is daintily jerked into the mouth, swallowed whole, and shell, white, and yolk digested at leisure.

Doris claimed the egg, but Harold dashed in and swept it into his mouth.

But he had underestimated the resources of Doris. She flung back her head, tilted her beautiful body, and let out at Harold a kick that would have finished any serpent.

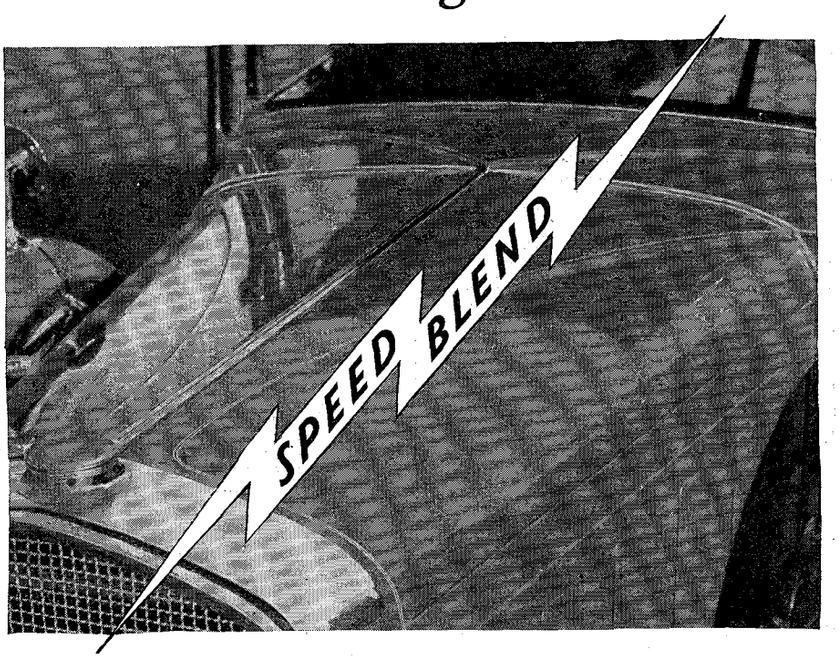
It caught Harold right in the chops, just over the spot where the egg was momentarily resting.

Crack! went the egg. Some of the contents dribbled down Harold's throat. He

Du Pont, maker of DUCO, *says*

"SPEED BLEND,

the new No. 7 Duco Polish, is fast-working and safe"



WHEN du Pont, who makes Duco, recommends a car polish for Duco, you can be sure it's right. When *you* try SPEED BLEND, the new cleaner and polish, you'll see why du Pont says: "Use SPEED BLEND on your car." Rub it on—then wipe it off. Traffic Film* vanishes. Your car gleams again as when it was new. SPEED BLEND is *safe*. No acids, no grit. Why take chances with ordinary polish? Ask for this NEW No. 7 Duco Polish—be sure you get it.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

STOP RUST-CHOKE!

Clean out rust and scale with No. 7 Radiator Cleaner. More power, better engine performance.

QUICK CURE FOR WORN SPOTS!

Touch up worn places and scratches on fenders, bumpers, tire carriers, etc., with du Pont No. 7 Touch-up Black. Brush supplied in can.

KEEP BRIGHTNESS BRIGHT!

with No. 7 Nickel Polish for radiator, lamps and hardware. Made by du Pont.

SAVE THE TOP!

Restore the lustre, waterproof the top with No. 7 Auto Top Finish. You can brush it on in half an hour. It dries overnight. No. 7 is made by du Pont, the world's leading maker of auto top materials.

WAX THE FINISH!

After polishing car, use du Pont No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream to preserve gloss and protect finish against weathering. Much easier to use than ordinary waxes.

***TRAFFIC FILM**—Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—quickly—easily—safely.

• • •

SEND COUPON—GET BEAUTY KIT

Containing generous samples of (1) *No. 7 Duco Polish*, (2) *No. 7 Nickel Polish*, and (3) *No. 7 Auto Top Finish*. Enclose 10 cents to help cover postage.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., Desk L7, General Motors Bldg., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Industries Ltd., P&V Div., Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

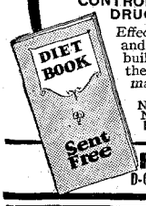
STATE_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eat and Be Well!!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES



Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

This book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

Health Extension Bureau
D-64 Good Health Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

PROBATE GENEALOGISTS
TO LAWYERS AND BANKERS

Unknown, missing heirs located. Research (our expense) in all countries for owners of probate estates, dormant bank acc'ts, terminated trust funds, etc. *Reporting correspondents desired.* Write for information.

W. C. COX & COMPANY, Inc.
Federal Reserve Bank Building Chicago

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN

200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address,** sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.

$1

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO. 500 Park Ave. **PERU, Ind.**

ALVIENE SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching, Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 18 apply L. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85 St., N.Y.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. *Write to-day.*

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 74 Springfield, Mass.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 752-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our *Free Opinion whether it comes within Patent Office Rules. Prompt, Efficient Service. Easy Payments.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 759 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

BUTTERFLIES,
INSECTS AND MOTHS

Reproduced in color. Two manuals giving common and scientific names. Price 32 cents each.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK

LIBRARIANS

Should be sure that these standard books, in good condition, are in their libraries

Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary, Unabridged. Buckram, Indexed; $16.00.
The Industrial Code, by Lauck and Watts. $4.00
The Immigration Problem, by Jenks & Lauck. $4.00.
The New Industrial Revolution and Wages, by Lauck. $2.50.
New Standard Bible Dictionary, Cloth, $7.50. Buckram, $8.50.
Young's Analytical Concordance to the Bible. Cloth, $7.50.
Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, Cloth, $7.50. Buckram, $8.50.
English Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepositions, by Fernald. Cloth, $2.25.

All Wholesalers or Direct from

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

All the Family Should Use
Cuticura Talcum
Ideal after Baby's bath, to complete Mother's toilet, after Father's shave.
Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 10K, Malden, Mass.

spluttered. He spat out bits of shell and yellow yolk, hacking and coughing, while Doris, her head high in the air, went parading and "crawking" round the pen.

But what real lady lifts her hoof and sloshes her husband in the jaw.

Tuning in on Your Tour

WHEN it's a quarter before Amos 'n' Andy or Lowell Thomas time and you're in the ol' bus, far, far from home and radio, is it a tragedy?

Or can you tune in right where you are?

Automobile radio is a rapidly spreading actuality, Frederick C. Russell reports in a copyrighted article for Russell Service.

Whether "you already have a receiver in the car," he writes, "or are just thinking about having one installed, or happen to be one of those who like to sit on the sidelines in a critical mood, things are happening in automobile radio which merit your close attention."

And to back up this claim he lists twelve automobile manufacturers who are putting aerials in their machines at the factory.

Like four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, and lacquer finish, "automobile radio has battled against a great many odds," Mr. Russell writes, as he continues:

There has been steady but diminishing propaganda against the use of radio on the road. There have been all kinds of obstacles in installation. And radio, the fickle muse that she is, has contributed her little share in the symphony of crape-hanging. But radio à la gasoline marches on. A good idea can't be kept down.

Several newer developments are serving to bring automobile radio into the limelight.

High-power broadcasting probably tops the list. Next in order comes compactness of equipment, largely the result of the popularity of midget sets.

Formerly a car receiver sacrificed performance in order to meet the demand for compactness. To-day the automobile radio receiver accomplishes the feat of meeting space limitations while at the same time bringing in the stations with more volume and tone than is possible with many a home radio.

Automatic volume control is another of the reasons why automobile radio is headed for universal use. Add to these developments the elaborate system of suppression, or interference elimination, devised by companies that have now had several years of experience in actual installations and you have the outstanding reasons why car radio can no longer be held in check.

INSTALLATION is more than half the story of success with a modern car receiving-set. And we learn further:

Tops on closed cars vary, so that often a special problem is encountered. Where a manufacturer uses the slatted top an aerial is usually constructed from copper or bronze screening tacked to the wood cross-bows. Where car makers use the poultry-wire top a natural aerial is sometimes afforded.

However, if the twisted portions are not soldered or galvanized together, reception will not be perfect. Cases also are found where the poultry wire is grounded. In this event the wiring is useless for aerial purposes.

Contrary to popular belief, the greatest demand for car radios to date has been for reception while the engine is running, traveling-men especially have found radio a safeguard against falling asleep while on long trips. They want reception with no interference from the car's electrical system.

Rugs for Giants' Castles

IN this day, when everything seeks to be bigger and better, the arrival in Manhattan of the world's largest rug becomes an item of interest.

Until a brief time ago the Roxy Theater lobby claimed the giant among floor coverings. This particular attraction weighs two tons, and required the services of thirty-four weavers working night and day. More than 30,000,000 persons have walked upon it, and when, twice a year, it is cleaned, it takes thirty-six persons, armed with scrubbing-brushes, all night long, to get it clean.

But the new Waldorf Hotel will have even a more elaborate specimen of rug gargantua. This is seventy by fifty feet, and was manufactured in Maffersdorf, Czecho-Slovakia. Ten months were required in its making, with thirty experts employed. More than 12,000,000 knots had to be tied in its production.—*Gilbert Swan for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

The Seal That Wanted to See Things

A LARGE seaplane from North Island, in San Diego Bay, "was on maneuver work farther north in the Pacific, off the coast of Santa Barbara.

"While resting on the water, with its crew of five men all in the forward part of the plane, a young seal came alongside. Something about this strange craft appealed to him," M. C. Starkey writes in *Boys' Life*, continuing:

With a flip of his strong fore "flappers," a foothold on the sponsons upholding the body of the plane from the ocean waters was attained. The rest was easy. Flopping and jumping, he made his way into the compartment nearest him.

This happened to be the one devoted to radio work, and, shortly afterward, a lusty yell was heard by the remainder of the crew as the radio operator returned to his post.

With the strong assistance that this yell of surprize and indignation brought, the seal was unceremoniously ousted from the plane through the door he had entered, and the radio operator was once more in sole possession of his workroom.

But not for many moments did quiet reign therein. The young seal had not, it seemed, been satisfied with this brief inspection of the seaplane, and soon a louder and more indignant call disclosed the astounding fact that the radio-room had been once more invaded by the intrepid explorer!

Again the visitor was sent about his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business—and again he clambered aboard before the crew had much more than left the radio compartment. At that the crew gave up, and decided to keep him. Presently the plane soared into the air, and later came to rest beside the tender *Aroostook*. Here the adventurous seal was coaxed into a crate and hoisted aboard the tender. He is now enjoying a life of contented luxury in the San Diego Zoo.

An "Ike Walton" Spider

"WILL you come into my parlor?" said the spider to the fish.

"It's the prettiest little parlor that ever you could wish."

If one of your dainty goldfish disappears mysteriously from his globe, his sunken castle, and his daily fishflakes, the police can not do much about it, Gobind Behari Lal tells us in the New York *American*. But a scientific *Sherlock Holmes* like Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, he adds, will immediately start search for some spider's web. Reading on, we find Dr. Gudger explaining as quoted by Mr. Lal:

"We've pinned enough evidence upon the spiders. They kill, kidnap, and eat up small fishes. And some spiders eat frogs, lizards, bats, mice, birds, and even rattlesnakes.

"It has been generally believed, even by naturalists, that spiders live on a diet of tiny insects. That is not the case."

Dr. Gudger's cherished specimen is a spider of the genus *Dolomedes*, half an inch long. This game little hunter was captured a few minutes after it had killed and dragged out of a water pool a small fish of the minnow family. The fish also is preserved. Dr. Gudger adds:

"Wallace Adams, of the Steinhart Aquarium, in the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, found a spider had taken away and devoured a number of the aquarium's sunfishes.

"Spiders first poison their victims. Then the spiders eat the body they have poisoned.

"Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitch, of Yale University, is a great authority on spiders. He says that in Porto Rico there is a huntsman spider that kills lizards."

When Time Lies

Daylight saving, remarks an exchange, just makes some people tired an hour earlier.

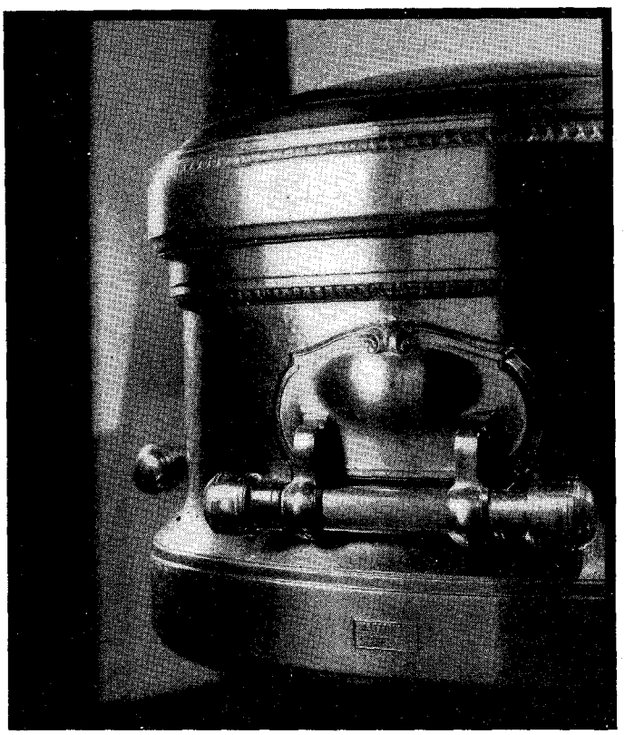
Speaking of daylight saving, many people experience difficulty in remembering whether it is forward or backward they have to put their timepieces. A London weekly, realizing this, offered a prize for the best verse helpful to the memory in this respect. The following contribution by Canon Wilson is rather neat:

In Spring the clock springs forward
And lies the Summer through;
For Winter it goes back again
And tells the time that's true.

The prize-winning verse runs:

When April comes with sun and shower
You move your clock along an hour,
But when October's skies grow black
You give that borrowed hour back.

—*Boston Transcript.*



A National Seamless Solid Copper Casket made by electricity. A booklet describing its unique construction will be sent on request.

SHOULD YOU

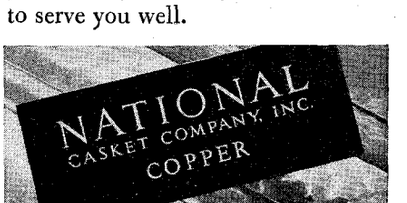
pay more . . . or less?

ONE of the hardest—certainly one of the most important—questions that arise in connection with funeral arrangements is: "How much should be spent on the casket?"

Unless previous experience has taught them, those responsible often find it hard to answer this question. Perhaps the most sensible course is to be guided by the standard of living to which the bereaved family has been accustomed. To fall below this is questionable economy. On the other hand, an expenditure which imposes hardship on the living can never be justified.

In order to meet every individual need, the National Casket Company offers a wide range of caskets in every grade and at every price. These caskets are made of bronze, copper, Armco Ingot Iron, mahogany, walnut, oak, cypress and other hardwoods. They are available in every town and city in the country—*but only through funeral directors.*

You will find that these funeral directors usually take pride in identifying themselves. Undoubtedly there is such a man in your own community. It would be wise to identify him now. Then, when the need arises, you will be sure of having a man upon whom you can rely to offer you the best and to serve you well.



A small trademark similar to the one shown here appears on the end of every National casket. This trademark is our quality-guarantee of materials and workmanship. Ask your funeral director to point it out to you.

A Helpful Booklet

That you may have at hand a reliable guide in time of need, we have published a booklet, "Funeral Facts." It may be obtained from any funeral director who sells National caskets. Or we will mail one or more copies in a plain envelope on request. This request will be considered strictly confidential. Just write to: Dept. D-7, 60 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

Display Rooms in Thirty Cities

© 1931, N. C. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Three Competitions

NO MATTER HOW GOOD YOUR PRODUCT, no matter how efficient your salesmanship, before you can sell your product there must exist three factors over which you have no control. So writes Mr. Marsh K. Powers in the current *Nation's Business*.

Then he names the three factors as follows:

1. The buyer must be favorably disposed toward the idea represented by your goods.
2. He must have, or believe he has, time to enjoy or profit by the goods after he buys.
3. He must have enough cash or credit to finance the transaction.

IF any one of these factors should be lacking, it is a case of "no sale," continues the writer, who is president of the Powers-House Company of Cleveland. Anybody making or selling "consumer goods" for the American buying public faces these three forms of competition: "Competition for public favor, competition for time, and competition for the dollar."

Mr. Powers takes them up in the reverse order. The dollar competition is so much with us and so obvious that little more need be said about it, thinks Mr. Powers. As he puts it:

Competition for the immediate dollar is so ubiquitous that we are all constantly conscious of it—we see its surface indications everywhere—few men in business or professional life escape its effects. We see it operating just as vigorously in the price battles of druggists on adjacent corners for our tooth-paste trade as in the more spectacular struggles between dentifrice manufacturers in the advertising pages of national magazines. Direct intercompany rivalry for specific orders is so common that it requires no further discussion here.

SERIOUS as dollar competition can become, we read on, "the other phases of competition, when they come into play, are often more drastic and far-reaching in their effects."

There are plenty of illustrations of competition for time:

It is the competition between a magazine and a book on your library table for the limited time you have to devote to either of them. It is the competition for your family's evening between the radio receiver at home and the talkie down-town. It is the competition for your presence between your office desk and your golf course—between Europe and the resorts on this continent for your vacation weeks.

This time competition is far-reaching—

That the Tolliver family of Houston, Texas, is staying home tonight to listen to the radio is not, in itself, of major importance. Multiply it enough times between San Diego and Bangor, and its significance is immense, and the effect is felt in Akron, Winston-Salem, and Paterson.

In the first place, because the Tolliver automobile is standing idle in the garage, it is not consuming rubber. Because the Tolliversers are not at the neighborhood movie, the tobacco-fanciers in the Tolliver family can indulge their tastes for Winston-Salem's cigarets. Because the costumes of Mrs. Tolliver and the Tolliver girls are not on public display, new dresses hang unused upstairs, postponing the day when a silk mill in Paterson will be called upon for replacement yardage.

WE have only twenty-four hours a day, and nobody can be in two places at once. So the "time market" can not be increased "except in so far as increased efficiency provides more hours for recreational interests as distinguished from vocational activities." Of course, "in all merchandise lines the manufacturer with a time-saving appeal is in step with modern American demand, whether he makes a shaving preparation of faster action, a ready-to-serve food, or an automatic heating plant."

And now comes the most dramatic factor of all—competition for public favor. Mr. Powers tries to illustrate this by asking us to think what would happen if there should come a nation-wide slump in the popularity of golf:

Think of the open acreage which would come back upon the market, the ball- and club-making machinery left idle, the fewer juveniles contributing to family incomes by caddying, the effect on styles and volume of sales of sport clothes, and so on down the list—not forgetting to include the man-power-hours which would be returned to business matters.

RECREATIONS, we are reminded, have always been particularly susceptible to changes in public favor, while luxury items run a close second. For instance:

Most of us can remember when a family deemed a piano a necessary token of social status, regardless of whether any one in the family could play it. As recently as 1916 I saw a young couple deprive themselves of necessities that they might purchase a grand piano which neither could play.

The solidity with which the automobile is intrenched in public favor is graphically demonstrated by the fact that, even in the poorer sections of a city, eyes are strained to identify the make of a car of novel design.

WE are asked to exercise our imagination and consider what would happen "if public opinion ever turned strongly against apartment living: think of the new values for unoccupied suburban acreage and the millions of dollars of building materials which would be needed—also of the transportation problem involved."

Then there is the way the book publishers are affected by both competition for time and competition for public favor, with their rivals "grouped primarily in the recreational field"—

A man or woman reading a book obviously can not be at the movies, on the golf course, or dancing at a night club. On the other hand, extended reading calls for considerable leisure. The person who is devoted to any of these other interests has relatively little time to develop a reading habit; in fact, the restlessness developed by the other interests may break up a previous reading habit. It is the conditions of modern life which make the publishers' problem difficult.

IN conclusion, the writer points out that the periods of great stress change people's spending habits. This the war period did, and this the sudden change in the business world has done during the last year or so. New fashions in spending may "divide the consumer dollar into a pie-chart of materially altered patterns." For this reason it will be well in 1931 and 1932 for business men to keep in mind these three competitions. And, "it will be highly profitable to keep a constant finger on the public pulse."

Our Largest Corporations

A CONVENIENT list of our largest industrial, public-utility, and transportation corporations on the basis of asset values is thus printed in *The Wall Street Journal:*

Company	*Total Assets*
American Telephone & Telegraph	$3,162,926,191
United States Steel	2,394,544,611
Standard Oil of New Jersey	1,770,993,803
General Motors	1,315,813,059
Cities Service	1,282,624,854
Consolidated Gas of New York	1,265,260,292
United States Electric Power	*1,221,536,006
Standard Gas & Electric	1,204,858,329
Commonwealth & Southern	†1,133,709,684
Railroads	
Southern Pacific	$2,277,770,543
Pennsylvania	2,166,294,831
New York Central	1,793,555,137
Canadian Pacific	1,371,969,694
Atchison	1,272,674,936
Union Pacific	1,208,043,121
Baltimore & Ohio	1,182,133,135

*As of December 31, 1929. †As of May 31, 1930.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT A WORLD OF GRIEF IT SAVES YOU!

WE KNOW a seed house that proves each season's crop of seeds in their own trial gardens before they offer them to the public. Flowers and vegetables grown from these seeds must measure up to definite standards, or else the entire crops from which the samples were taken are burned.

We know a manufacturer of dry batteries who tested a new product two years before he sold a single battery to a single dealer.

We know a manufacturer of an anti-freeze solution for automobile radiators who spent two years testing his product under all conditions before he said a word in advertising about the merits of his goods.

We know a manufacturer of household pharmaceutical products whose self-imposed standard of purity and efficacy is even higher than that laid down by the United States Pharmacopoeia and the National Formulary.

If we mentioned their names you would recognize them immediately. You probably would say, "I plant those seeds," "I use that battery," "I use that anti-freeze," "My medicine cabinet contains those products."

The four instances cited are typical of every reliable manufacturer in America. Millions of dollars are spent annually to develop, to improve, to standardize, and to take the guesswork out of merchandise. Other millions of dollars are spent in advertising to tell you about them.

All of which is to say that in putting your trust in advertised merchandise you save yourself the bother, the expense, the disappointment—yes, the danger—of experimenting and discovering for yourself which make of soap, breakfast food, radio tubes, lingerie, gasoline, tea, electrical device, stationery—or what-not—gives you the most service for your money.

The news columns of The Literary Digest keep you informed of the latest international, national and local happenings. The advertisements keep you informed of the newest, most advantageous, most reliable merchandise that America's most progressive makers are producing.

ADV.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reserves That Help in Hard Times

A BULWARK OF STRENGTH in a time of adversity is a reserve fund piled up during periods of prosperity. Many of our leading corporations now have large enough cash reserves to enable them to pay dividends for a considerable time, even tho earnings are very low or entirely absent.

Such reserves, we read in a New York dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, "allow the individual companies to preserve their trade positions in the particular industries and, furthermore, enable such companies to reward the patience of their stockholders in awaiting the distribution of the rightful earnings on their capital."

Some of the corporations that have particularly large reserves at this time are United States Steel, Allied Chemical & Dye, General Motors, and Standard Oil of New Jersey. It is pointed out that each of the four corporations named has most of its capital in common stock and surplus. And the dividend policies of these corporations has "been definitely in favor of steady rates, which may have appeared unduly low in proportion to earnings during peak income periods, but which can be maintained during depression periods."

The writer for the Chicago *Tribune* presents a table showing the approximate amount of cash—or such equivalent as government bonds—held per common share by each of the corporations named and the length of time each of these corporations can keep paying dividends at present rates without further earnings:

	Cash Per Common Share	*Current Ann. Div. Rate*	*Years Pos. to Maintain*
United States Steel	$22.80	$7.00	3.3
Allied Chemical	47.20	6.00	7.8
General Motors	4.50	3.00	1.5
Standard of New Jersey	8.80	2.00	4.4

IT is pointed out in this Chicago *Tribune* dispatch that, as a matter of course,

> The first aim of the officers and directors of all companies is to keep up their business so long as it remains profitable.
>
> During times of stress, neither dividends nor operating costs can be allowed to drain away resources, and particularly working capital, so far as to endanger the business itself.
>
> At such periods, conservative capital structures which bear the smallest burdens of interest on the funded debt and dividends on preferred stocks are of greatest help in keeping strong working capital positions, which will in turn allow the maintenance of dividend payments to common stockholders, the real owners.

The financial strength of our corporations also impresses the Cambridge Associates of Boston.

They call attention in a recent issue of their *Cambridge Daily News Service* to Dow-Jones figures for 150 industrial corporations, showing only a negligible increase in funded debt for 1930 over 1929, practically no change in cash and liquid assets, a considerable drop in inventories, and a very slight decrease in aggregate working capital.

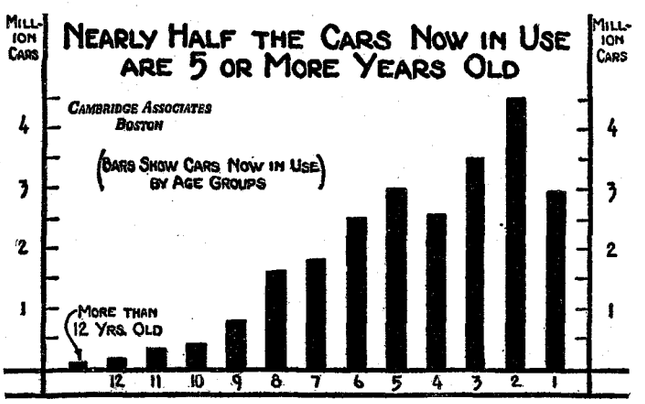
This is a most reassuring factor, in the opinion of the Boston statistical organization:

> This remarkable and unique record of financial strength proves conclusively the ability of our corporations to tide themselves over the "rainy days" that are bound to mark the course of business from year to year and assures stockholders generally that their risks have largely to do with fluctuating earning power and not with the added burden of possible bankruptcy in periods of business stress.

Half Our Cars Five Years Old

WHEN WE SEE SO MANY bright and shiny automobiles filling the roads on Sundays, it is hard to believe that nearly half of them are five years old, or even older. But such is the case, according to the calculations of a University professor who has been making a deep study of the age of automobiles. Prof. C. C. Griffin, of the University of Michigan, tells us that more than 44 per cent. of the automobiles in use at the end of 1930 were made in 1926, or some previous years.

There are a good many interesting angles to this, remark the Cambridge Associates of Boston:


NEARLY HALF THE CARS NOW IN USE ARE 5 OR MORE YEARS OLD
CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATES BOSTON
(BARS SHOW CARS NOW IN USE BY AGE GROUPS)
MILLION CARS
MORE THAN 12 YRS. OLD
12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
1 2 3 4

> Of the 24,324,000 cars which were in use at the close of last year, 4,519,000 were only two years old and made up the largest single-age group, as shown in the accompanying chart. There were slightly more cars that had been operated for five years than for one year.
>
> The experience of the automobile industry has been that the average car life is seven years, but a considerable number made prior to 1924 are still in service. After a car passes the eight-year mark, however, the chances of its being run any longer are very small, there being only slightly more than a million and a half cars now in use that are nine years or older.

THE big significance here is that the replacement market is the acknowledged back-bone of the automobile business. As we read further in the *Cambridge Daily News Service:*

> The replacement market in the United States is to-day acknowledged as the back-bone of the automobile business. That 10,730,000 of the same 24,000,000 cars in use have already seen five or more years of service indicates the size of the reserve demand behind this basic industry, a factor which has already made itself felt in the better trend of automobile-manufacturing operations so far this year.

Million-Dollar Jobs Still Plenty

BUSINESS may be slow, but the million-dollar-building job is still very much with us.

The observation was made by Mr. T. S. Morgan, President of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, at a recent convention. The New York *Herald Tribune* quotes this building authority as saying:

> Uncle Sam has not discarded his habit of doing things on a big scale even in a period of deflation and stress, and in the period from March 1 through May 15, seventy-one projects of a million dollars and more had been awarded. They totaled $183,347,100. Thirty-one of them are being built by private interests at a cost of $65,575,900, and include such buildings as huge apartments, office and bank buildings, and theaters.
>
> A theater in Chicago is to cost $1,500,000. Out in Texas an oil refinery is to cost $1,500,000. A grain elevator in Kansas City, Missouri, will cost $1,000,000.
>
> The larger part of this total is to be placed in buildings which service the public or are financed entirely by public funds. The forty projects of this type aggregate $117,771,200 and include a vehicular tunnel in Boston, to cost $16,000,000; a passenger depot in Cincinnati, to cost $5,900,000, and a government hospital in Waco, Texas, to cost $1,200,000. Not grouped in one large center, but extended into many sections of the country, these huge expenditures will assure a happy distribution of their funds and the benefits they will spread.
>
> It must be admitted that the private rather than the public enterprise is the more vital to our economic existence. The public enterprise represents in essence the taking of money from one pocket to put it in the other. It is the taxpayer's pocket which furnishes the money. It is the laborer, the building-material manufacturer who receives it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

colonel.—"A. P.," Chicago, Ill.—The correct pronunciation is *kur'nel* (*u* as in *burn*, *e* as in *get*). Derived from the Italian *colonello*, through the French *colonel*, this word originally was pronounced in three syllables, *col-o-nel'*; but while Dyche (1710) indicated *kur'o-nel* (*u* as in *but*, *o* as in *obey*, *e* as in *get*), Bailey (1732) and Johnson (1755) sanctioned *col'nel* (*o* as in *obey*, *e* as in *get*); Buchanan (1766), *kor'nil* (*o* as in *or*, *i* as in *hit*); Perry (1775), Sheridan (1780), and Walker (1791), *kur'nel* (*u* as in *but*, *e* as in *get*).

Dr. Murray in the *New English Dictionary* says: "In the seventeenth century *colonell* was trisyllabic, and was often accented (in verse) on the last syllable. But by 1669 it began to be reduced in pronunciation to two syllables, *col'nel*."

concentrate.—"B. E. S.," Bethesda, Md.—This word may be pronounced *kon'sen-trēt* (*o* as in *not*, *e* as in *get*, second *e* as in *prey*), with the accent on the first syllable, or *kon-sen'trēt*, with the accent on the second syllable.

connect up with.—"N. D. B.," Newburgh, N. Y.—This phrase is an Americanism, perhaps derived from railroad connections or radio terminology.

conquistador.—"L. M. K.," Coronado Beach, Fla.—This word may be pronounced *kon-kwis"ta-dor'* (first *o* as in *not*, *i* as in *hit*, *a* as in *final*, second *o* as in *go*); or (Spanish) *kon-kis"ta-dor'* (first o as in *obey*, *i* as in *police*, *a* as in *artistic*, second *o* as in *go*). The word means a Spanish conqueror of America.

crowding the mourners' bench.—"F. M. K.," Washington, D. C.—In the United States (only), at revival meetings in churches, tents, and elsewhere, a bench, or row of camp-chairs, is placed directly beneath the platform or pulpit and reserved for those who wish to come forward, at the close of the preacher's exhortations, to declare their sins and seek forgiveness of the Lord. The bench, or row of chairs, as the case may be, is called *the mourners' bench*. *The mourners' bench* was very much in evidence a few years ago at the revival gatherings addressed by the late Dwight L. Moody, American evangelist, who said: "The Devil howls in rage when he sees repentant sinners *crowding the mourners' bench*."

forecast.—"H. W.," New Haven, Conn.—In 1413, the past tense was *forecast*, and has been used in this form continuously down to the present time; *but* in 1578 the form *forecasted*, which is a dialectal English form, temporarily displaced the form *forecast*, and was used rarely in the seventeenth century. Thereafter it was not met in literature, except as a provincialism, and of course, in dialect speech, until 1883. *Forecast* is the past tense; *forecasted* is dialectal or provincial.

leave alone, let alone.—"A. C. W.," Bunker Hill, Ill.—"I wish to be *let alone*," and "*let him alone*" are correct examples of the use of *let* with *alone*. "She came with me but will *leave alone*" and "they all retired and John was *left alone*" are examples of the correct use of *alone* with the verb *leave*. "*Leave* me alone" is good English when the purpose is to indicate the desire that the person speaking be left to himself. "*Let* me go and I will *let* him go" is good English, and "*leave* me go and I will *leave* him go" is not.

In North Britain, the phrase "leave gang" means "leave go." "Leave be" is a common expression for "let be." The Scots make frequent use of the latter. "*Leave* my foot be" is taken from Stevenson's "Catriona." From "The Curler's Annual," we have "Sweep him up or *leave* him be." The following extract is taken from J. P. Kay Shuttleworth's "Scarsdale," or "Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border" (1830): "*Leave* the wench be; she's non huttin noat." "*Leave* him be" was used by Heddle in his dialect of Fifeshire story of Margot. While these examples are drawn from English literature, this does not mean that they are accepted as standard, for the sources cited are all dialect.

Newport News.—"R. H.," New York City.—*Newport News* was founded in 1621 by Daniel Gookin and a settlement of Irish colonists. The name was chosen to honor Captain Christopher *Newport*, an associate of John Smith and Sir William *Newce*, on whose advice the site was selected. It remained a small hamlet until, in 1881, it became the Eastern terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway. The city was laid out in 1882 and incorporated in 1896.

overhaul, over all; tin or tinned can.—"C. V. A.," New York City.—The term *overhaul* means "to haul over." *Over all* should be used as two words, and means, "including all; from one outside extremity to the other: said of dimensions measured."

A *tin can* is a can made of *tin;* a *tinned can* may be a can of some other metal, coated or lined with *tin*.

pecan.—"J. F.," Henrietta, Tex.—The correct pronunciation is *pi-kan'*—*i* as in *habit* and *a* as in *fat*.

pickles.—"L. C.," Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—This word is in good English usage. It is the plural of *pickle*, which is "one of certain objects preserved or flavored in pickle (a preserving or flavoring liquid such as brine for meats and vinegar for fish and vegetables) as a cucumber or onion." The word *pickle* may be used for any vegetable. The adjective *pickled* may modify *cucumbers*, or any other vegetable name.

A *dill pickle* is usually a cucumber, but it may be any other vegetable. The vegetable is cured in water saturated with dill which is a spicy plant. The saturated water is a preserving fluid and is, therefore, itself a *pickle*.

précis.—"F. E.," Philadelphia, Pa.—The word *précis* came into French speech about the year 1600. It means "abstract, digest, or summary." Specifically, it is a term used to describe a digest of a case in law, a summary of what there is in a particular matter, a comprehensive abstract of the contents of a book. The great Bossuet, who lived from 1627 to 1704, pointed to the Rule of St. Benoît as "Un *précis* du christianisme, un docte et mysterieux abrégé de toute la doctrine de l'Evangile."—*Panégyrique de Sant Benoît*.

In English usage, the word has been traced to the works of Chesterfield, who, in writing to Bishop Chenevix on the 29th of April, 1760, referred to a certain *précis-writing* by Voltaire in verse. Consult the Reverend Sydney Smith's "Peter Plymley's Letters," and you will find that in one of them, written as long ago as 1807, the cynical divine gave us an illustration of his use of the word in the following lines: "Take with you, if you please, this *précis* of its exploits: eleven hundred men, commanded by a soldier raised from the ranks, put to rout a select army of 6,000 men, commanded by General Lake."

The first reference available to *précis-writing* concerns the *writer*, and bears the date 1809. It occurs in Rose's *Diary*, and concerns one whom he describes as a "*précis-writer* under his Lordship when Secretary of State." The allusion to *précis-writing* is drawn from the *Printers' Trade Journal*, Vol. 30, p. 8 (1880). This is an English publication. Sundry other references to *précis* may be found in the "Dictionary of the French Academy" in the Philadelphia Public Library.

preposition, the (position of).—"H. E. E.," Chicago, Ill.—"In English the preposition ordinarily precedes, but may at times appropriately, and very forcibly, follow its object, even when the preposition thus ends a clause or sentence. 'The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born *on*, good to live *on*, good to die *for* and to be buried *in*.'—Lowell, *Among My Books, Second Series, Garfield*. This usage may be supported by numberless quotations from the best authors. When used with the relative pronoun *that*, the preposition must follow its object; as, This is the book *that* I came *for*."—Fernald, *English Grammar Simplified*.

purple, violet.—"G. C. W.," Ratner, Sask., Can.—The word *purple* came into the language from the Latin *purpura*, purple. It was used in King Alfred's time, and designated the dress of an emperor or a king. The color was obtained from a mollusk from which the purple dye was derived. *Purple* is a deep crimson or scarlet color which some people, instead of allowing it to describe the color of blood that is the crimson venous blood, as distinguished from the arterial blood, which is scarlet, associate as a color *purple* with *violet*. *Purple* originally was *crimson*. By the middle ages, the term was used to indicate many shades of red, and in our own time, it designates mixtures of red and blue in various proportions approaching to *crimson* on one side, and *violet* on the other. He who is "born in the purple" is one of an imperial or royal family, or by extension, of a noble or wealthy family. The phrase *in purple*, used from 1685, designates the scarlet color of the official dress of a prince of the church—a cardinal.

Violet, as a purplish blue color resembling that of the violet, dates from the time of Sir John de Mandeville, who is stated to have been born in the year 1300, and died in the year 1372. Literary references to the plant antedate this by about a century, for the *violet* is referred to in the "Tales of Arthur and Merlin."

soon.—"W. McC.," New York City.—The use of this word in the sentence cited is a provincial or obsolete one. *Soon* is now treated only as an adverb and, therefore, can not modify a noun. The phrase, "at your *earliest* convenience," is the better one to use.

withers.—"W. N.," New York City.—*Withers* is the highest part of the back in a horse lying between the shoulder-blades; also, the corresponding part in some other animals, as the ox or the sheep. It is often used in figurative context, especially after Shakespeare, with allusion to the "wringing" of a horse's *withers*.

In 1508 Lyly, in his "Euphues," wrote: "*Wring* not a horse on the *withers*, with a false saddle." In 1602 Shakespeare, in "Hamlet," made use of "Let the gall'd jade winch: our *withers are unrung*." In 1607 Topsell, in his "Foure-footed Beasts," wrote: "The *wither* of the beast, I meane the top of his shoulder next to his necke," and in 1609 Holland, in his "Ammianus Marcellinus," gave us: "An horse . . . sore vexed with a suddaine gripe or *wring* in his belly, fell down."

A Best Seller!

The ROAD TO CULTURE

Charles Gray Shaw

Voted "the most popular professor" at New York University . . . a witty and human philosopher.

By **CHARLES GRAY SHAW**

To admire wisely, to know true values, to see beauty and recognize wisdom in out-of-the-way corners, wherever it may be found—that is the full life this book invites you to share, in teaching you to enjoy the fascinating entertainment of your own mind!

Abbé **ERNEST DIMNET** says: "Written by a man who has accumulated erudition without losing any human qualities. Traveling the same road myself, I can predict its success from my personal reaction."

BURTON RASCOE says: "I know of no treatise of esthetics so clear, explicit and so easy to understand."

S. PARKES CADMAN says: "A real book. We cannot be satisfied with merely getting and spending, and our material profits must be translated into those higher realities which give human life its dignity and meaning."

EMILY POST says: "Dr. Shaw has marvellously succeeded in clarifying the true meaning of culture. To many the book will open an hitherto locked door."

Cloth, 311 pages, $2.00; $2.14, post-paid.

All Bookstores, or the Publishers

Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Do You Know How To Think?

Vexing—is it not—when you want to concentrate to find yourself thinking about almost everything under the sun save what you ought to be thinking about? You may learn how to bar unwanted thoughts in

Thought-Control in Everyday Life

By JAMES ALEXANDER

A clear understandable explanation of how thought is controlled which presents, in non-technical language, usable truths of psychology. It shows how you may put to profitable use the most practical agencies for the attainment of thought-control and provides a means by which you may secure control of mind, yours and others, to a degree you never before deemed possible.

"'Thought-Control in Everyday Life' has in it the qualities that would make thousands more intelligent about themselves, happier, more cheerful, and more successful—I know not its equal for simplicity and easy understanding."—Edward W. Bok.

12mo. Cloth. 275 pages. $2.00; $2.14 post-paid.
At all booksellers or direct from

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Brilliant Phrases to Express Your Every Thought

Think of a collection of 21,000 of the choicest, most practical, and most usable quotations from the speech and literature of all nations, ancient and modern, classic and popular, in English and foreign text, including outstanding phrases coined during the recent World War, and you have an idea of the supreme value of—

Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations

Completely Revised and Greatly Enlarged

by KATE LOUISE ROBERTS

Most Complete Collection of literary and linguistic gems that has ever been gathered within the covers of a book. Greatly superior to former editions. It contains 4,500 more new quotations, and hundreds of older ones have been replaced by others newer and more valuable.

Instantly Available The entire contents of Hoyt's is at your instant disposal through the simple plan of one topical alphabet throughout. It has a complete topical concordance index of 115,620 entries and list of authors quoted with places and dates of births and deaths, and brief characterizations.

Newest The newest, most comprehensive, and most useful volume of its type published.

INDISPENSABLE!

Indispensable to writers, business men, clergymen, physicians, teachers, speakers, general readers, and all who write and speak the English language.

Royal 8vo. 1,374 pages. Cloth, $7.50; Buckram, $8.50; Three-quarter Morocco, $12.50; Full Morocco, $15.00. Patent thumb-index 75 cents extra. Average postage charges, 30 cents extra.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 1358 354 Fourth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Debunking History.—TEACHER—"Now, Johnny, what did Cæsar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?"

JOHNNY—"Ouch!"—*Pathfinder.*

First Aid.—MAXINE—"I've swallowed my liquid rouge by mistake. What shall I do?"

MERTRAND—"Better eat a powder puff."—*Stray Bits.*

Movies for Mary Ann.—"Good cook is offered splendid view from kitchen window of main thoroughfare with constant arrests, small accidents, ambulance calls, and other interesting incidents at all hours of the day and evening."—*Ad in an English paper.*

Vinegar in the Honey.—ELOISE—"I had a quiet little evening alone with a book last night."

VIVIENNE—"I'm afraid that's going to happen to me some night too."—*Life.*

Ripe for Vaudeville.—"What's the parade all about?"

"They're giving a reception for the King of Afghanyssinia. He holds the world's endurance record for throne-sitting."—*Judge.*

Happy Vacuum.—HECK—"So you don't care for the talkies."

PECK—"No, the thing I liked about the silent films was seeing women open their mouths and not have a word reach my ear."—*Boston Transcript.*

Quick Grower.—A little girl who had been left to watch the soup was presently heard to sing out, "Oh, mother, come quick, the soup is getting bigger than the pot."—*Tit-Bits.*

Primrose Path.—"Don't you know that the stuff you're drinking is slow poison?" warned the wife.

"That's all right," replied the bibulous husband. "I'm in no hurry."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Pharmaceutical Error.—Two druggists were talking about one of their confrères.

"He is a great druggist," said one.

"He is," admitted the other. "But don't you think he makes his chicken salad a little too salty?"—*Hudson Star.*

Pants and the Law.—JUDGE (sternly)—"Well, what is your alibi for speeding fifty miles an hour?"

GEORGE—"I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants."

"Case dismissed."—*Boston Transcript.*

Or a Chemist.—"I say, Jimmy, what do you think of a man who deliberately makes a girl blush?"

"I think he's a genius!"—*Bystander.*

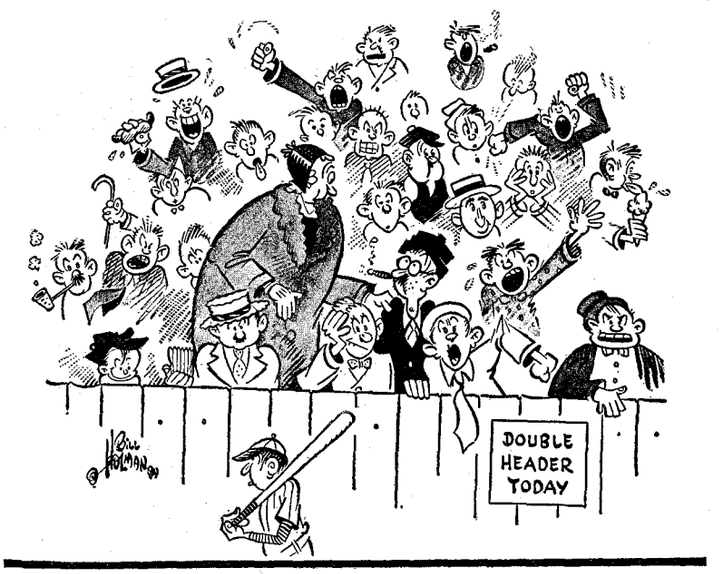
Mystery Solved.—"What do women talk about when they are together?"

"Just what men talk about."

"Aren't they terrible?"—*Hudson Star.*

Younger Generation O. K.—WAITER—"These are the best eggs we've had for years."

CUSTOMER—"Well, bring me some you haven't had so long."—*Tit-Bits.*



Copyright, 1931, by the LIFE Publishing Company

Wife (second inning of second game): "Let's go, John. This is where we came in!"

—"Life."

Putting Over a Swift One.—DAUGHTER—"But Dad, don't you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?"

FATHER—"I certainly do. Right now your mother and I are living as cheaply as you."—*Life.*

Trustful Passenger.—"All this talk about back-seat drivers is bunk. I've driven a car for ten years and I've never had a word from behind."

"What sort of car?"

"A hearse."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fast Workers.—HEAD OF BUSINESS COLLEGE—"In teaching shorthand and typewriting, we are strong for accuracy."

INQUIRER—"How are you on speed?"

HEAD OF BUSINESS COLLEGE—"Well, of last year's class, six married their employers within six months."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Forgot Her "Amen."—A mother listening to the evening prayer of her sleepy little daughter was astonished and amused to hear the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
When he hollers let him go,
Eenie, meenie, miny, mo."

—*Christian Leader.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

A Dog's Life.—A Pasadena man, eighty-four years old, has just barked upon his fourth marriage.—*Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.*

Turning on the Juice.—The cast of characters, local talent, performed with credit and each member electrocuted their part perfectly.—*Harlem (Ga.) paper.*

Mixed Sentiments.—It is still too early to say that pressing liquidation has ended, but it was evident that Wall Street sentiment is begin-sC ? ade* ⅞c mfw shrdl etao.—*New York American.*

Sleepyheads.—The College Y. M. C. A. was scheduled to spend Friday night at a slumber party at the new Y. W. C. A. rooms. A large number of young men will take part.—*Norfolk (Neb.) paper.*

Alarming Shrinkage.—Compared with the old "bull-gear" driven car, 50 per cent. or more noise is eliminated; the dead weight of a car is reduced from 7,000 to 10,000 pounds.—*Spotted by several enthusiastic scouts in The Literary Digest.*

Mr. Earth.—This is the forecast made by Sir Philip Gibbs in a character sketch of the world's most popular figure, H. R. H., the Prince of Males.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Friendly Cooperation.—Professor J—n, professor of vice, will direct the music and song services.—*Hopkinsville (Ky.) paper.*

Dutch Stew.—"Resolved, that the men and women should share squally in dating expenses at the University of Michigan."—*Adrian (Mich.) Daily Telegram.*

Jazzing to Heaven or?—
CHINESE BAN WESTERN
DANCING AS IMMORTAL
—*Corning (Calif.) paper.*

One That Didn't Get By.—
The Ellsworth *American*
Ellsworth, Maine.

"Slips" Editor,
LITERARY DIGEST.

Dear "Slips": I felt almost guilty of murder when I "killed" this one. One of my country correspondents wrote:

"Capt. B.—— H——, who has been seriously ill several months, is better. He has had a brass pump put in his sink."

If it is any use to you as a "Slip That Didn't Pass," go ahead.

W. H. Titus, *Editor and Manager.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED